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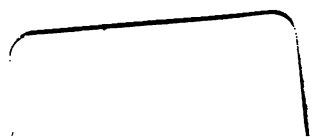
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*The  
Time  
Is  
Coming*

W.B. Bolmer



Bolmer

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# THE TIME IS COMING.

BY

W. B. BOLMER.



NEW YORK:

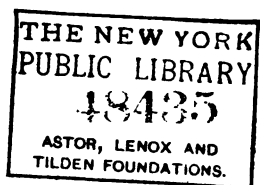
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## CONTENTS.

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Chapter	Page
I. Not the Man to Trifle With . . .	7
II. Elijah Advises the Jewish Leaders .	49
III. Failure to Rebuild the Temple, and Success . . . . .	91
IV. A Fashionable Service Interrupted .	129
V. An Excursion and a Rejected Pro- posal . . . . .	181
VI. Higher Criticism Criticised, and Preachers Preached to . . .	194
VII. Elijah and the Reform Movement .	224
VIII. A Model Service and a Model Priest .	234



Chapter	Page
IX. A Great Gathering and its Woeful End . . . . .	249
X. A Heroic Attempt at Rescue, and its Results . . . . .	260

# THE TIME IS COMING.



## CHAPTER I.

### NOT THE MAN TO TRIFLE WITH.

It was one of those days which by common consent are pronounced to be perfect. The placid waters knew not a ripple save as made by finny denizen or intrusive craft, and forgot their own muddiness beneath the blue smile of the glorious sky, cloudless except where a few castellated peaks massed their milk-white shapes to the far northwest, and cerulean in its transparent depths, with faint reminiscence of the late storm which had washed all impurity into the abysses. The distant shores revealed every object with a distinctness which made space the

handmaid of enchantment. Alone with a peaceful mind in such a scene a Christian might have longed intensely for translation, and yet have wondered whether Heaven itself could furnish forth anything more serenely beautiful.

With flashing glass and streaming pennon, graceful as the sea-gull, but swift as the eagle, itself a harmonious element of the fair spectacle to be seen from a thousand baronial mansions that crowned the surrounding heights, a large and powerful boat, alive with passengers, moved steadfastly upon its silent course. No paddles broke the water, no smoke darkened the view, but the prow had hardly struck a board or other object before the floating thing was sucked in by the rushing currents that played in the creamy wake. The speed would have been truly startling to the benighted people of the Nineteenth Century, whose swiftest steamboats could barely attain, under the most favorable circumstances, a rate of twenty-five miles an hour. This vessel without puff, or rumble, or jerk, was darting along at something more than forty-five miles an hour, and would have increased this to fifty, had that been thought desirable. Electricity now ruled the wave, and had signalized her accession to power by greatly modifying naval architec-

ture. In the old days of plodding steam, travelers had been accustomed to lounge on the exposed decks; this was no longer practicable, except when the vessel was running before a gale, and so the expedient had been devised of erecting sloping glass screens in the forward parts of the various decks, so arranged as to shield the passengers from the violence of the rushing air, while tending very slightly to retard the boat, and hardly intercepting the view at all, and certainly leaving as free a circulation of air as most people desired.

Comfortably and advantageously seated behind the screen which sheltered the hurricane deck, a lady and gentleman were gazing with deep interest upon a form that was pacing up and down, at some little distance, with singular disregard for the ungentle breezes that seemed to resent his heedlessness. He was evidently the theme of their earnest and familiar conversation. The lady began by remarking that she had been more than usually impressed by a sermon she had heard from him the day before, and that she had very much wished to ask him some questions about it. Her companion replied that she might have an opportunity before long, and that he himself would hope to be a listener, because

the subject was a very interesting one, and the preacher a most competent man to speak on that or any other topic. The lady continued :

“Dr. Hoadley was at our house in the afternoon ; and, as we had all been talking about the sermon, papa, who had heard it too, and was deeply impressed by it, brought up the subject, and inquired of the doctor what he thought about it. Dr. Hoadley rather vexed us all by treating it lightly, and dismissing contemptuously our rector’s striking views ; all which has made me more anxious to hear what our minister has to say in defense of his position. Of course it doesn’t seem as if the famous Dr. Hoadley could be wrong, and the minister of such a poor little parish as ours right, but papa says that there is not another as able man in the whole city as our rector, nor one whose influence, notwithstanding his obscure position, is so widely felt. For myself, I know that I like to hear him better than any one else I have ever listened to, if he is not very popular.”

Straightening himself up, the young man looked full at the fair speaker for a moment or two before he began in a somewhat satirical strain : “ You have a pretty high opinion of your worthy parson, I must say. What would

the learned and eloquent Dr. Hoadley's rich and fashionable congregation think to hear their unapproachable divine consigned so emphatically to a back seat?"

"Now stop joking," was the reply, "and tell me seriously, for I know you can be sober when you wish to, and you are often an attentive listener at our church, what your candid opinion is." This was said not at all in a way to suggest the existence of any relations between the two other than that good-comradeship which is less sneered at between the sexes, we are thankful to say, than in the "good old days," when our ancestors were breathlessly striving to cross the ocean in five days.

"Well!" was the rejoinder, "I hesitate to forfeit whatever little good opinion of me you may have left by telling you what I really think; for I am dreadfully radical, as you will see. Very much of the preaching I hear has a nauseating effect upon me. I often listen to the sonorous periods which your friend, Dr. Hoadley, rolls off so magniloquently to the admiration of a very select audience; and I do my very best to understand his sesquipedalian words, and to catch the drift of the Alexandrine prose in which he conceals the thought he must be supposed to

have. My efforts hitherto have been in vain. I do, of course, catch a sentence here and there, and can even sometimes comprehend a whole paragraph. He has read considerable about the great heathen religions, and can quote striking passages to show that they are quite as good as the Christianity which most of them so greatly antedate ; he keeps abreast with modern science in a general fashion, has mastered to some extent its principles, and dips into philosophy enough to catch some noteworthy thoughts of the materialistic leaders before they have become current ; but of theology, either I know nothing at all, or he knows very little. People think he must be saying something very wonderful and very much to the point, because they don't understand him ; whereas the fact is that his pyrotechnics amount to no more than the lights thrown upon a beautiful screen by a boy playing with a prism. Then there is Dr. Taylor, whose sermons I often hear in attendance upon my mother, she greatly delighting in his unctuous expoundings, and taking me with her in the hope of making a pious Evangelical of me. He can utter very fine sentiments in a very effective manner, but to call him a logician would be to insult him, even as it would be to use a grievous

misnomer. After the mode of his school, he scorns the sobriety of solid argument, and insists that a thing must be so because it seems to him that it ought to be so. His system of faith is honey-combed with inconsistency. He builds upon the Bible as the infallible guide, and is outraged if any one asks him how he proves that the Bible is inspired. He swears even by its obvious and acknowledged mistakes, or rather the mistranslations in the authorized version. He is so bitterly prejudiced against the Church to which he belongs that he is utterly incapable of doing justice to any argument in its favor, and gives one the impression of being particularly anxious to show that Episcopalians may possibly be saved if they try as hard as they can to be Methodists. By way of antidote to the leveling tendencies of these men, I am in the habit of presenting myself every week or two within the hallowed precincts of St. Margaret's Church, and enduring the monotonous drawl of the service in anticipation of profit from the earnest exhortations of the fervent father. He is, perhaps, as it happens, a little better than the others, but he has such a leaning upon authority, and such a horror of appeal to the Understanding, that no very great satisfaction to an



inquiring mind can be derived from him either. His learning is so manifestly limited by the narrow boundaries of what he calls orthodoxy ; he is so sure that the Church is correct in everything, and so blind to the glaring contradictions in which the alleged utterances of the Church at different times and places have involved themselves ; he is so sanctimonious, and so much afraid of being his natural self in the pulpit, that the general results are sadly disappointing."

Here the lady exclaimed : " I knew you were considered a very independent thinker, but didn't dream you were as bad as that. However, now that you have used up the Broad Church, and the Low, and the High, you may as well go on and demolish our respected pastor. Fortunately he doesn't see us yet, and is not at all likely to overhear us if we are a little cautious. Now then for the unfortunate rector of St. Chrysostom's."

A sober expression flitted across the fine countenance of the youth as he resumed :

" I do not mean to weary you with an interminable harangue, and it is only in obedience to your wish that I continue. Strange as it may sound, your esteemed rector ought to be a better preacher than many others, just because his par-

ish is not so large, and the demands upon his time are not so incessant. He appreciates his advantages and makes use of them. Possessed of great natural powers, he has developed them to the utmost. In point of education he has not a peer in the city, indeed, it is possible, not in the whole country. None are more sensible of this than the clergy themselves, who are woefully jealous of him. Many excuses must be made for men who are too busy managing large parishes, visiting exacting constituents, and elaborating pyrotechnical sermonettes, to do any real studying or thinking; but it is none the less humiliating to these distinguished occupants of lofty positions, obsequiously waited upon and systematically flattered, to become suddenly conscious that an obscure parson from the factory wards knows more off-hand on any subject they can bring forward than they do after carefully preparing an essay upon it. I have been told in partial confidence by a clerical friend of mine, who is quite in sympathy with your rector, that his superiority in discussion is so marked as to be perfectly intolerable. Nor can any one listen to him long without seeing what is the great secret of his preëminence. He is as nearly devoid of fear and servility in his searchings

after truth as it is possible to become. Wherever an obstacle presents itself, he removes it, no matter at what outlay of labor and time, or, if it finally refuses to yield to all his efforts, he concludes that he is on the wrong road, and sets off patiently retracing his steps to the point of probable departure from the right path. This is the only stamp of teacher to whom I care much to listen, and I am most happy that I can acknowledge in this august presence the intense and lasting pleasure I derive from sitting under the ministrations of Mr. Hilary, who, I perceive, has at last turned an eye hitherwards."

Cordial greetings over, the three fell into an easy flow of familiar conversation, and were gradually growing more serious in their talk, the lady skillfully leading towards the subject which occupied her thoughts, when events took one of those sudden turns which are always liable to occur. Although the deck was crowded in many parts by the people who, to the number of nearly five hundred, were enjoying the glorious scenery, or pretending to, there happened to be considerable space in the ample saloon occupied by our friends. Noticing the void, two young men brought chairs, seated themselves with some display of lofty graces, and soon began to

taint the air with tobacco smoke. Miss Black, being quite susceptible to the unpleasant sensations which the weed produces on some constitutions, proposed to change their position, though with reluctance for it was a good one. Mr. Delancey rose with alacrity, and looked around to decide upon a change of base. Mr. Hilary also arose. Laying his hand upon the other's shoulder, he asked him to wait a moment ; and then, advancing to the smokers with a courteous salutation, he called their attention to their infraction of the rules, and, stating that the lady was disagreeably affected, requested them to desist. For answer, they merely stared and puffed. Then something happened that at once astonished and enraged them. The clergyman continued to stand in front of them, and they could not see him move, nor was there a person on board who could have said that he detected a motion. Whatever was done by him, he did with marvelous celerity. At all events the two cigars vanished. Thereupon their owners sprang instantly at the unknown man before them, only to be seized each by an arm near the shoulder, and held out clear of the deck to squirm, and kick, and curse, to their satisfaction, the fingers all the while tightening their relentless grasp till

both hung limp as wet rags. This mode of punishing insolence was witnessed by the great throng with conflicting emotions. Since two or three minutes elapsed before the prisoners were released as thoroughly cowed as ever two braggarts were, there was time for the bolder spirits to interpose. However, one man alone advanced upon the smiling athlete, whose good nature did not seem to be in the least degree disturbed. This champion was a huge, swaggering fellow, who had shod fractious horses before he found out the secret of manipulating primaries. He boldly stepped up to the chastiser of arrogance, and without waiting for any explanation, exclaimed loudly, "You will find me a different antagonist from boys," and took him by the coat. Mr. Hilary forthwith seized the man by the wrist with such force that the grip on the coat promptly relaxed, next proceeded to twist his adversary's arm till the latter fell on his knees, and then prone on the deck, and lastly compelled him to rise and perch on tip-toe, and hurled him away so violently that he rolled over and over for thirty feet. All this the minister did with one hand and without apparent effort. The defeated champion could not have resumed the struggle, even had he felt so inclined, and it is

easily to be credited that no one else was anxious to engage so redoubtable a foe. As for the deckhands, they entertained no desire to be shaken like rats by a terrier, and had business elsewhere than in that quarter. It is true that the captain came rushing up to restore order, but, encountering a friend who had some insight into the true state of the case, and not perceiving much chance for asserting his authority except at too great a cost, he wisely remembered that his presence was needed in the office.

The phlegmatic rector looked keenly at his two friends before offering to rejoin them. Guessing the source of his hesitation, Miss Black simply said :

"Thank you, Mr. Hilary," with honest admiration and unaffected gratitude in her eyes.

As he resumed his seat, he inquired whether they had seen him take the cigars, which remark elicited from the lady the exclamation :

"Did you really snatch their cigars from them?"

"Of course I did ; but pardon me for adding that I would not have done so had I not been sure of the result, for I do not usually care to be engaged in a public altercation. Their attack was utterly unprovoked, as they had no evi-

dence whatever that I had done anything to them ; and so I was standing on the defensive all the while."

"Permit me to ask," said the younger man. "are you not possessed of uncommon strength ? I must say that I have seldom, if ever, read or heard of greater exhibitions than we have just beheld." The clergyman replied :

"It would be disingenuous in me to deny that I am what you say, though I hardly think that my muscular power is quite what you would make it."

Pushed by his young friends, Mr. Hilary at length, like another Samson, proceeded to disclose the secret of his strength.

"I don't much care to dwell on this subject, because people generally have nothing but derision for my lucubrations. Perhaps they would listen more respectfully if they had seen what you have just now ; and as you have so lately witnessed my valor, and are my friends besides, I will venture. Now, authentic tradition says that for three or four generations my parents on both sides have never tasted flesh, and that they have made a conscience of conforming to all the rules of hygiene. I had an ancestor once who was a very remarkable man, scoffed at and neglected

in his generation, but unyielding and unusually able. He and his wife ate no flesh and brought up their children to do likewise. Thereby they were of opinion that they enjoyed almost complete immunity from disease, especially as they were temperate, took plenty of exercise in God's free air, used no stimulants, kept early hours, insisted upon having plenty of sleep, and worked within their strength. Whatever the value of the theory, the facts are such as I can hardly state without laying myself open to the imputation of being an arrant boaster. Since I was ten years old, I have never seen a beef-eater whom I would have hesitated one moment to encounter. Time and again I have chased runaway horses, overtaken, and stopped them. I have pulled singly against a champion crew and left them behind and out of sight. Indeed I may say that I can do almost anything of that sort that I choose, and without sensible fatigue. I have never had occasion to strike a beef-eater, although once in a while one assails me, as I can always dispose of him in the way I have shown you. It is very much the same with all my brothers and cousins; one is a trifle stronger than another, but the least of us is like the sons of Anak who struck such terror into their ancient



foremen. Whether all this is due to the causes mentioned, may be doubted, but it is historically certain, I do assure you, that, ever since our ancestors began to live in this way, each generation has been superior, markedly so too, to the one before it, till here we are what you see us to be, and what any one can easily discover us to be, if he cares to put the matter to the test." There was no defiance, and but little warmth, shown in giving this account, notwithstanding that recent events might have excused considerable belligerency of mood. The whole manner of the speaker was that of one who remembers that it is of the savage to rehearse his achievements in sonorous words.

The lady hinted politely that this was contrary to all she had been taught on physiology and on the characteristics and habits of dominant races. Whereupon, after the manner of any well-instructed damsel of the forgotten Nineteenth Century, she brought up the strength and agility of the lion, and the roasted oxen and boars of the sturdy Saxons, and of those blue-eyed giants of the North whose prowess subdued Europe, mentioned the tenacious adhesion of the Englishman to his roast beef, and did not forget to dilate

upon what the scientists claimed to be the settled principles of vital chemistry.

Mr. Hilary smiled as he rejoined :

“ If this question is to be determined by the analogy of the brute creation, it surely must be confessed that carnivorousness is not necessary for the attainment of either the highest activity or the greatest strength. The wild ass, horse, and antelope do not devour flesh, and the elephant, rhinoceros, and ox are not carnivorous. Threadbare as this argument is, what can stand before a mad bull or a rogue elephant? The worst of it all is, too, that even carnivorous animals thrive best on a vegetarian diet. A century or two ago dog fanciers began to feed their pets on corn meal and wheat graham, and now no choice dogs are ever allowed to touch meat, and it is actually affirmed that, notwithstanding canine teeth and their general physical conformation, many families of dogs no longer evince any appetite for flesh, either raw or cooked. Lions and tigers in captivity are largely fed on vegetables, too, much to the benefit of their health, and not sensibly to the impairment of their natural powers. Probably there is nothing more savage or more dreaded than a powerful old bull on the war path ; many a fierce lion has

succumbed to the deadly charge, and been grimly tossed to death on the cruel horns of the grass-eater.

“ Meat-eaters have been and are strong, energetic men. Nevertheless there is much fallacy in the usual presentation of the case. Flesh food has often been so dear as to be out of the reach of the majority of working people. That an Irishman, an Englishman, or a German in the lower ranks has owed his force and endurance to the one small piece of meat his poverty could afford him in a whole week, seems far from likely. To my mind, there is no ground in a historical study of the race for attributing a superiority in physical grade to the flesh-devouring athlete over those whose palates know not the taste of meat very likely because of religious scruples which they would die rather than trample upon. There was a time when some color could be found for attributing greater mental force to the carnivorous tribes of men, but that superiority I, for one, can by no means admit. Analogy may well serve us here again. As the gorilla nourishes his enormous strength on vegetables, so do the horse and the elephant maintain their superiority of intelligence on grass, and grains, and browse.

“Dietary science is very accommodating; it can be made to prove anything. Undoubtedly Alexis St. Martin's convenient wound did give it a peep into the mysteries of the internal vat, and enable it to build up theory after theory of a character more or less conflicting with all that went before or came after. More than a century ago a carbohydrate theory drove out the older nitrate theory, and was for some time thought to be final. Unquestionably, it was in many respects a good working hypothesis, and yet it has been supplanted by half a dozen since, till now the latest craze, authorized by weighty names too, is that the most nutritious diet is the quint-essence of doubly distilled pork fat.

“Perhaps the vegetarian ought not to be the superior of the pork-eater, but if he is, so much the worse for the philosophy or the science which decides that he cannot be. For myself, my preference for a vegetable diet rests, not upon any idea that it contains more nutriment, or nutriment that can be more easily assimilated by our digestive apparatus, but upon the hardly disputable fact that diseases are very apt to be propagated by flesh, while the fruits of the earth can hardly be supposed to labor under any diseases which will transfer themselves to the consumer. The

old theory about cholera is so thoroughly exploded that a physician would be laughed out of the profession who should refuse his patients full liberty to eat any ripe fruit they might desire in the full sweep of the contagion. To maintain that the luscious viands which nature molds for our delighted palates out of golden sunshine, the pearly dewdrops, and the grateful showers, if plucked from the bending branch, can give us the cholera, is simply ridiculous. But every cow or sheep is diseased somewhere, or else it would be, what no animal is, perfectly sound; eaten by a man with a similar constitutional taint, the results may be quite decided; and, passing into any human stomach, it is likely to sow seeds of death. There is great likelihood that consumption is due to the use of cow's milk, and can be exterminated in any district by the heroic measure of banishing cows.

“ My conviction is, therefore, that by abstaining from flesh and animal products, we escape disease, and grow healthier and healthier, and stronger and stronger, provided that we do not infringe other laws of health that are equally important. To use a stimulant is plainly to exhaust the system. When a really healthy man is tired to that degree that his frame does not

readily respond to his will, that is an unmistakable sign that he needs rest. The one proper thing for him to do is to rest. If circumstances are peremptory, the employment of a stimulant creates an unnatural vivacity, which leads to useless exertion and still further drains the vitality. An exhausted soldier will get more real good from a moment's stolen slumber than from quarts of liquor or coffee. I think you must now understand my position. I am a Greek of the olden time, and believe in exercise, fresh air, hygiene, and the bath."

"Is it true," asked the young man, "that the Greek soldier thought little of marching eighty miles in the twenty-four hours, with a burden of eighty pounds?"

"I think so," was the brief reply. "And I have relatives who would double the weight, and add a half to the distance."

"Interesting as this is to me," now remarked the lady, thoughtfully, "I am impatient to hear from you, sir, more on the subject of a late sermon of yours, which mightily surprised such of your hearers as were capable of taking in a new idea. To think that there is, anywhere in the universe, a mortal man over three thousand years of age, awaiting the decreed

hour which is to return him to earth, in order that he may complete the ministry so nobly begun, when Assyria and Egypt were still in their might, is not easy. Do you, Mr. Hilary, mean this literally? What a terribly old man he must be? How could human nature sustain the burden of thirty centuries?"

"You could hardly fail to gather my opinion from my public utterances, though your natural astonishment closed your mind against the reception of the simple fact, and it is much to your credit that you have striven to suspend your judgment until you could carry your investigations further. If I believe that Elijah has never died, and is at this moment just as much of a mortal man as I am, I undoubtedly hold an opinion that is shared by few in this generation, but yet an opinion that has been favored by many of the greatest teachers of our holy faith. The Jews almost universally held it when our Lord came, nor have they ceased to hold it. Commentators so far apart as Dr. Pusey and Dean Alford, men who have retained their places for more than a century as foremost expounders of God's word, agree in looking for a personal return of Elijah as the herald of our Lord's Second Advent. According to them, the Baptist came in the spirit

and power of Elijah, but Elijah is, nevertheless, to come himself."

"Was not the rise of this expectation due to a reading of Malachi's prophecy adopted by the Septuagint translators but now rejected by all?"

"You may judge for yourself how much force there is in this deadly thrust of those who oppose our view. What there is more definite, or calculated to create a more tenacious belief, in 'Elijah the Tishbite,' or 'Thesbite,' than in 'Elijah the Prophet,' I wish you would tell me if you can yourself perceive. There was but one Elijah, and he was a very clear-cut figure in their history, a prophet of the highest honor; so that either expression must have been instantly taken by every Jew as designating him and him alone. If Malachi had wished to express his belief that a certain Oriental ruler would return to life, how much difference would it have made whether he had called him *Nebuchadnezzar the King*, or *Nebuchadnezzar the Babylonian*? Neither expression has about it an atom more of individuality than the other. Does anybody suppose that the change from 'the Prophet' to the 'Tishbite,' was made in order to excite the Jewish mind with glowing hopes of a personal return,



or that the change back to the correct reading was made in order to allay that unwholesome excitement? The most probable account of the whole thing is that the corrupt reading crept in from the tendency of all people to use a favorite title, just as a reader or copyist might unconsciously substitute *General Washington* for *President Washington*; and that the return was brought about by a commendable regard for accuracy. To put it plainly, I do not see that John the Baptist is any more or less 'Elijah the Prophet' than he is 'Elijah the Thesbite.' Do you, Miss Black?"

"Not at all. How is it that men of real ability and solid learning attach weight to such arguments? Do intellects squint like eyes? Well, Mr. Hilary, does not our Saviour explicitly identify John with the 'Elijah' of prophecy?"

"So truly is that the case that I could almost adopt a view which my mind does not condemn as involving a mad dream of fanatics; for, when I consider that the Hindoos, the Egyptians, and the Pythagoreans are merely prominent instances of large classes, comprising the most cultured minds, who in all ages have devoutly and unwaveringly believed in the transmigration of

souls from one body to another, I cannot sneer at the doctrine of metempsychosis, a doctrine which all along has held its position as an allowable method among philosophical Christians of accounting for the origin of souls. Especially when one takes into consideration, too, the striking similarity in the lives, characters, and the very series of recorded incidents in the histories, of Elijah and John, it would not, I have often thought, be so very difficult to believe that John was nothing more or less than the spirit of Elijah inhabiting a new body. Against this view, which is by no means without its attractions, there lie the explicit denial of the Baptist when asked, 'Art thou Elias?' a certain manifest inconsistency, with the reappearance of Elias at the Transfiguration, and other objections unnecessary to mention after these. When the Christ identifies His forerunner with the great prophet of the older times, His words are to be understood in harmony with the angelic prediction that he should go before Him 'in the spirit and power of Elias,' and also in accordance with His own teaching as contained in the eleventh verse of the seventeenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, which is the crucial passage."

Here the rector drew from his breast pocket a

very small volume, and from another receptacle a pair of spectacles, and handed them to the younger man with the remark :

“ I think you can manage these.”

Delancey took them without hesitation, adjusted very carefully the glasses, opened the book, moved it nearer and farther, until he declared that he could see perfectly a type so small as to be absolutely indistinguishable to the naked eye, and asked whether he should turn to the passage just mentioned. The other continued : “ I would advise no young man to read at all continuously these new pocket libraries, but I must say they are very handy to carry around for reference. Just look at that neat little volume, scarcely taking up any room in the pocket, and yet containing the whole Bible in several languages, Hebrew, Syriac, and Greek lexicons, a complete concordance, introductions to the various books, compendiums, histories, and synchronistic tables. There was a time when the possessor of such a volume would have stood in great danger of his life, but now we have grown somewhat used to the wonders of photographic electrotyping. The world does move. Just to think of those perverse ancestors of ours, who had at their hands a perfectly simple, sure, safe, and inexpensive

mode of inflicting painless death, and yet stumbled and blundered over electrocution, admirable did not politics, rather than science, control it. Did you ever read what wretched scenes of, at least apparent, torture used to be enacted? Now, since the revision three years ago, the criminal sits down quietly in his chair, an inverted glass cone with flexible neck is placed over his head and fitted about his shoulders, a similar vessel suspended immediately above discharges its contents instantaneously into the receptacle below, nothing is seen to descend, nothing farther to take place, invisible gas, carried down by its own weight, fills the inverted cone, and without more, at the worst, than a gasp or two to mark its departure, consciousness is snuffed out of him. Thus carbonic acid gas does its work. There is nothing repulsive, nothing or very little that is painful about the operation. The criminal feels nothing until the level of the gas reaches the nostrils; and then he has little time to feel, for he wilts down almost as if his head had been cut off by a cannon ball; nor does he experience much more in this world unless rescue comes very speedily. You lower a candle down a well, and the moment the wick touches the gas the flame is gone; you lower a man in a

bucket, and the instant his head reaches the level, his candle is snuffed out ; men knew this for hundreds of years before they drew the obvious practical deduction now embodied in our laws."

"They have been looking at the Bible for thousands of years, you think, and have not unearthed some very obvious truths that are therein?"

Over a singularly open and cheery countenance passed an expression of mingled sadness and profound solemnity.

"How much there is in what you say, you can not know as I do. Let us now take up the passage. Having had their minds greatly stirred by the incidents of the Transfiguration, the disciples inquired more particularly, during their descent from the mountain, about Elias, whom they had so lately seen, and whose coming they had been taught to expect as a preliminary to the advent of the Saviour. The Lord admits that Elias has already come, and been put to death, in the person of John the Baptist, but says, nevertheless—and Mr. Delancey, with the Greek before his eyes, will correct me if I make a mistake—'Elias truly cometh, and shall restore all things.' You have there the very best critical text, and my translation can not be

faulted, I think. So then, what is spoken of is something future. The Baptist is dead, Elias has appeared on the mountain, and yet Elias 'cometh, and shall restore all things.' There is more herein involved than most people would think. Has the Christ come? A startling question, if treated as involving a possible negative. But surely, *the* Advent of Christ is yet future. The Advent which occurred twenty centuries since was only a preparation for that tremendous Coming which shall fill the Heavens with glory. An advent which was drowned in blood, and crushed in apparent defeat of the most humiliating description, is hardly *the* glorious, stupendous, triumphant Advent of prophecy. The first required a herald, and had a noble one in the victim of Herodias; the second requires one none the less, and will have it in Elijah himself, not restored to life, for he is not dead, but sent back to the earth from which he was translated. The Baptist can not well be the forerunner of the triumphant coming, because he is dead, and there would be great confusion in the thought that he could be allowed to anticipate the general resurrection, or to return to the old mortal state of existence so long left behind. Elijah, on his part, could not well have been the herald of

the Galilean prophet, because he would have met his death as surely as John and the Lord Himself, and thus have become incapacitated for acting in the great office of forerunner before the chariot of the King of kings victoriously returning to His throne in the City of the Saints. So, in the merciful wisdom of the Almighty, John first stood up in the spirit and power of Elias; and in good time the veritable Elias will stand up in his own spirit and power, such as they shall be found, improved and cultivated by thousands of years spent where mortals do not usually enter, and with a voice which few may hear unmoved, re-awaken the echoes of Carmel, reach the ear of long-tried, disconsolate Israel, and utter a trumpet-call that will summon the nations afresh to the great battle against evil." His tones were whispered, as he went on: "My dear young friends, know you what occasioned that sermon? Let me tell you, though you will be wise not to retail this to any one. Rumors have been reaching my ears for some time which make me wonder whether the Holy Land does not, even now, feel the impress of a foot whose fall was so terrible, three thousand years since, to Baal's prophets. Count me a mad man, if

you will, but remember what I confide to you, and listen for the sounds on the distant hills."

They were passing a large and beautiful city, the entire western bank of the river being covered for miles with solid blocks of houses from the docks to the tops of the hills, and then villas and palaces peering from stately groves in great profusion and incredible elegance for many more miles northward and southward. And now, without pausing an instant in her majestic course, the mighty vessel was about to discharge and receive passengers and baggage. A ferryboat was approaching rapidly as though it would cross her bows, but soon assumed a parallel course. In a moment they were side by side, and the end of a steel cable had been lowered to the smaller craft from the other and made fast to a block. Speedily the ferryboat was being drawn into the wake of the giant, whereupon a long, frail-looking, but exceedingly strong bridge shot out from the towering stern, was lowered with speed and accuracy on the bows of the ferryboat, and made fast. Without a moment's delay a double stream of passengers was traversing the bridge, not by their own slow movements, but drawn rapidly along by a traveling floor that worked on the principle of an endless chain.



Then followed trunks and other baggage, flying in opposite directions as fast as they could be put on and pulled off. A signal was given and answered, and forthwith the tender was loose and headed for shore, the bridge had disappeared, and the disengaged end of the cable was in position to be lowered for another tender, and the whole transaction was forgotten. All this while, it will be remembered, the large boat had been darting onward, her velocity not perceptibly retarded even during the very few moments that the lesser vessel was dragging astern. People usually congregated on the after part of the decks to witness these disembarkations, or rather *transembarkations*, drawn by the interest that always attends life and stir even when, as in this case, skill and discipline have eliminated the popular elements of uncertainty and disorder. No one of the most timid shrank from entrusting precious self to that slender structure, and on the other hand few could remain insensible to the enlivenment of the gliding spectacle. Our friends had broken off their conversation and risen to enjoy the sight, though Mr. Hilary, fallen into a deep reverie, contented himself with a hurried glance at the changing throngs, went forward again, paced the deck for a while, and

then settled himself for solitary contemplation, and enjoyment of the ever-shifting view, where he was little likely to be disturbed. With his magnificent constitution, it was simply grand to sit there in front of all the screens, with head bared to the gale that rushed upon him at the rate of perhaps sixty miles an hour, and drink the pure air into lungs that opened in all their cells responsive to an invitation they recognized at once, as healthy and trained lungs, and they alone, do. The buffeting of breezes which might have been death to a weak man brought no sense of discomfort to him, a gentle exhilaration rather. So he sat and gazed, pondering deeply at first upon a theme well calculated to absorb the attention of such a man, but allowing another stream of thought to establish itself as a surface current that scarcely reached to the seat of consciousness, and then little by little to cut for itself a deeper channel and increase its self-assertiveness. To some temperaments this is the way to enjoy the face of nature. In this way do they forget the pettinesses of human life and commune with the soul of God's great universe. They are free from the annoyance of animated exclamation points showing at once the meagreness of their vocabulary and the shallowness of

their appreciation by a sickening reiteration of some misapplied epithets; and of map-makers who are always trying to decide whether that peak is not known by such a name, how high it is, and how far from another one, or counting the number of lakes they can see, or cities, or townships, or mountains; and of artists who must apparently chop up every landscape into blocks out of which they would hew pictures if they could. Seated here by himself, Mr. Hilary could gaze, and admire, and let the soul range at large. There the eye discerned a bold point clad from base to summit with trees, every one of which might be taken for a perfect cone; at the base slept a quiet cove, its shingly beech receding into shadows and cavernous rocks, a bather's or a camper's paradise. A dream arose. A row-boat, propelled by tired arms swiftly against the current, rounds the point towards twilight of a hot July day. A pause, a brief consultation, a pointing in of the boat's prow, a few short strokes, a grating of the keel; and then later, a boat swinging at anchor in ten feet of water, young men stretched at length in it, the stars coming out one by one, fleecy clouds drifting, the waves gently splashing, and a dreamless slumber slowly settling down with the

shades of night. There lay a mountain range blue but distinct. Somehow the atmosphere seemed to transform it into more than rock, and earth, and forest. So exquisite were the tints in which it was wrapped that the spectator could not look upon it as less than an enchanted land, into which nothing offensive could enter, nothing sordid intrude, and where reigned conditions much above those of our every-day world. In another quarter, the mountains abutted upon the shore, and frowned threateningly upon the white sails that glided along at their base. Here an immense wall extended clear across the scene from horizon to horizon, amusing the mind with the effort to discern a passage. Not far away low points jutted far out and seemed to meet in the middle of the channel. Everywhere around was the water, smooth, and cool, and secret, and most steadfast in its very instability, and the sky, near and remote, transparent and yet impenetrable, warm with the glowing heat of summer and cold with the awful chill of an immeasurable void. Unmistakably he was growing drowsy. Not caring to fall asleep in too exposed a position, he sought shelter in the glass compartments, placing himself in a vacant camp-chair, and opening a book, in which he was speed-

ily engrossed. After a while he became aware of an offensive odor, and, looking up, saw that boisterous sport was being carried on near him by a score or so of college men, they showing no regard for his presence, unless by betraying a covert desire to annoy him. He noticed that they were almost without exception large and well-developed, one in particular being recognizable at a glance as a notable champion with the heavy weights. The clergyman rightly conjectured that they had heard how he had punished the two smokers and overthrown their ally, and that they were doing their very best to pick a quarrel with him, and he firmly resolved that (without actually running away) he would do his best to avoid a dispute. Under the circumstances another man might have felt himself called upon to repress the smoking, considering that he was generally taken to have established himself as an opponent of the practice, and that the puffing was done in an offensive manner and evidently intended as a challenge ; and yet, why should he put himself out of his way to enforce the rules of the boat, or to discourage so mild a vice when so many more serious ones obtruded themselves on every side, or to protect himself from annoyance, the case being that he was too

well accustomed to the fumes to give them a thought? The thing to do was evidently to preserve a serene unconsciousness. At the outset only one or two of the boldest spirits ventured to light a cigar ; gathering courage from immunity, the others gradually fell into line, until nearly all were puffing away furiously, and a perfect cloud swept down on the placid reader, who did not appear to know that such a thing as tobacco existed. Presently the rollicking champion lurched towards him with an open box, and offered him a cigar in rather a surly manner. Mr. Hilary looked at the contents, took a cigar in his fingers, turned it deliberately over and over, smelled it critically, fixed an impenetrable eye upon the student, and said, " How much ? " Instantly changing his tone to one of surprise, he added : " Oh, I beg your pardon. No, I thank you, I observe that smoking is strictly prohibited in this part of the boat, and I always obey the law." The other insisted that the law was a dead letter, and begged him to take one. The clergyman responded with all possible courtesy to the effect that he did not use the noxious weed. The student urged him to take one nevertheless. As if over-persuaded, Mr. Hilary quietly picked out one, with a simple

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*thank you* put it in his vest pocket, and retired behind his book.

That move not having proved very successful, the persistent persecutor feigned to stumble, lurched heavily against several of his friends, and thus commenced a sham battle that soon assumed such proportions as to attract a crowd of amused spectators. As they pulled, and mauled, and belabored each other, tossed each other around in half-serious wrestling bouts, and rushed madly upon each other when carried apart by the fortune of war, they constantly threatened their victim's safety, while he continued reading as unconcernedly as though he had not the slightest idea what the rioters were aiming at. Presently he rose, stretched himself covertly, stepped to the side of the boat, stood for a while studying the view, took a few turns on the deck, dropped into an empty chair, and with folded arms sat admiring the sombre wall of mountain, through a gap in which was just coming into sight the flagstaff of a vessel approaching at a pace about equal to that of the one which was carrying him so swiftly and pleasantly towards the Metropolis of the World. It was not long before he was conversing quite socially with a group of cultured travelers who

were strangers to the scenes before them, enjoying the delight of pointing out to an appreciative audience beauties and points of interest of which his very soul was fond. He had just finished speaking of an unusually fine view which could be had from a certain peak he had pointed out, when a young man in student's garb began to pile questions upon him concerning all sorts of objects that were in sight. Some of these he answered, many he ignored. The congenial group drew away from him, and left him to the mercies of the same old swarm of would-be tormentors. For an astonishingly long time they kept up their new play of asking each other every imaginable question about the scenery, and, when every one had professed his ignorance, demanding of Mr. Hilary whether he could not furnish the desired information. This was a game at which two could play. The victim took his time to answer, used long and involved sentences, made all possible allusions to classic places and themes, exposed the ignorance of his questioners, and riddled them with satire which they could not resent. Their only escape was to wax louder and more insolent.

"What," asked a crafty-looking youth, "is that long valley running so far inland, slanting



off to the northward, lying so low that there must be a stream of some size running through it?"

With extended hand and sonorous voice, Mr. Hilary replied, somewhat careless of mythological accuracy: "Let me introduce to you the Pierian Mountains sacred to the Muses. Behold, too, where the Peneus winds its lovely course towards Tempe, Vale of the gods. The waters of that stream, called *Croton* by the unlearned, are restrained by mighty dams and carried through aqueducts to a thirsty metropolis; but they have also mystic virtue, and, when quaffed at their source, infuse wisdom, and insight, and breeding proper to those who would court the goddesses. Will ye not land at the next ferry, and test their quality?" He turned on his heel and was gone.

The crew of tormentors had as yet gained no conspicuous success, but they would not give up the contest, pretending among themselves to believe that he was afraid to meet so strong an array in a final struggle. Barely had our friend seated himself comfortably again when they were upon him in full force. Looking furtively around, the minister saw that five hundred people were watching the sport, and determined to

take decided action. Grown ruder than before under the excitement of alcohol, one or two dared to jostle him. The champion fairly stumbled into Mr. Hilary's lap. Instantly the half-drunken hero had his arms pinioned, and his legs held in so firm a grip that he could not kick, and felt himself swaying to and fro, like an infant in a nurse's arms. Mr. Hilary had risen with him and was carrying him about the deck, singing him asleep. After one or two mighty, if futile, efforts the big baby submitted. Of course, the rest dashed upon the nurse, but only to be met by the whirling heels of their captive comrade, as Mr. Hilary danced lightly around the deck. They might as well have been babes themselves. There was a moment of surprise and dismay, and then, as the five hundred spectators took in the long patience of the gentleman under a persistent course of annoyance, and the ludicrousness of that brawny giant borne so gently in the nervous arms of a man no larger, perhaps not as large as himself, and being crooned to slumber with nursery rhymes, one shout of irrepressible laughter went up that pealed, and pealed, and pealed again, while people held their sides, and sank to the deck, and leaned against each other ; and when, in an incredibly short time, Mr. Hilary

laid the poor fellow down on a settee, sound asleep, as tenderly as a mother could have laid her infant in a cradle, and shook his finger at the remainder of the band to keep quiet, the shout burst forth anew. Only for a brief space, however. When Mr. Hilary vanished down a ladder, to be seen no more on that deck, there were genuine tears in many eyes, and they did not come from too much laughter either.

## CHAPTER II.

## ELIJAH ADVISES THE JEWISH LEADERS.

DARK was the night under the lofty, wide-spreading trees, within a dense wall of bushes through which the sturdiest would hardly have forced his way except along such few paths as there were. Some lanterns shed their faint gleams upon a strange assemblage of men that might have numbered twoscore; it might be a few more, it might be a few less; it was uncertain reckoning in that dim light. Of ancient and honorable lineage were they all, and dominated by well-defined race characteristics; widely sundered by habits, by speech, by fortune, but held together by a bond that nothing could sever, a past that none could recall without the deepest sadness, a hope which no adversity, however overwhelming and long-continued, could extinguish. They sought secrecy, not because their plots were dark and daring, but simply to

avoid interruption and ridicule. Twenty-five centuries of oppression had made them a patient people. Scattered everywhere, indispensable where domiciled, and yet enjoying little more than a bare toleration anywhere; marvelously successful in accumulating the wealth which their industry, frugality, and far-sightedness so well deserved, and cursed by the very prosperity that exposed them to the bitter envy and merciless ravages of the unscrupulous; always yearning for a permanent home in the glorious land of their forefathers' inheritance, but seemingly driven by the force of that very sentiment, like Io by her gad-fly, to fleet from land to land and from place to place, searching in every other quarter for what could be found only in one; many of this indomitable people had at last pitched their tents once more in that district of earth which they claimed had been bestowed upon their twelve tribes as an inalienable possession. Once fairly established on that sacred soil, the sense of utter desertion fell upon them. The sanctuary was desolate; and should the lavished wealth of Judah's sons rebuild it in undreamt splendor, who might presume to rekindle the sacred fires from ashes cold for twenty centuries? Now, at last, more than through all their wander-

ings, fell upon them a dissatisfaction they would not acknowledge, a sense of want they in vain strove to banish. Here they were in large numbers, fugitives from the cruelties of rulers who would neither suffer them to abide in peace nor grant them permission to depart, exiles from countries wherein Liberty had no aegis to extend over citizens whose only offense was that they were Jews. Russia had stripped them and expelled them; Austria had grown weary of their presence; Italian piety could not tolerate them; Prussia made it impossible for them to serve in her armies, and then punished them so heavily for not serving that they abandoned everything and fled; France decreed that the Republic would not harbor any race that persisted in declining to be absorbed; Spain was impecunious and maintained her preëmptive right to squeeze the Israelite; England grumbled that her limits were too small for Teutons, and that really the Shemites had no business there; the mighty Republican Empire of the New World suddenly had conscientious scruples about countenancing a class of population that drove hard bargains.

So it came to pass one day that the "Christian" nations had a congress, and sent a polite note to Constantinople to say that the Jews

must have a chance given them to settle in Palestine, and that to insure them fair play it would be proper to establish a Protectorate of the Christian powers over that province. To this the Turk vouchsafed such reply as might have been expected, and with the results which it should have been easy for him to foresee. Backed by the whole power of Islam in Western Asia, in Africa, in India, and in China, and shrewdly suspecting a lack of entire cordiality between some of the European powers, the Sublime Porte concluded to temporize. It could not see the feasibility of making such concessions as were requested; and, to tell the unvarnished truth, it did not mean to let itself see any more than its Haughtiness chose. In the allied fleet there was fuming, for the approach to Constantinople bristled with torpedoes, frowned with batteries, and glistened with gunboats; it did not seem as though a nail or a splinter could work its way through. The Muscovite was urgent to proceed at all hazards; John Bull asked him whether he thought that nobody had any stronger incentives to prolong life than his perpetual snows and tyrannical institutions afforded him, and refused to stir.

"Very well, gentleman," said Vice-admiral


Dahlgren, who commanded the single ironclad sent by a distant republic, "I have my instructions, and I think I can carry them out unassisted and without in any way incommoding you." An ill-disguised smile ran around the distinguished circle, for the ships that flew the Stars and Stripes were neither numerous nor deemed powerful. The American said no more, and presently the members of the council retired to their respective vessels.

That very day the Farragut changed anchorage, falling back several miles, and sending out boats that moved about as though engaged in taking soundings. The next morning she steamed slowly and cautiously into a small bay, and dropped anchor. For hours the crew was kept very busy getting out anchors and tightening cables, till the heavy craft rode almost as steadily as though hard and fast aground. A day or two passed in inaction. At last the sky was serene, the air clear, the wind light. A captive balloon ascended from the Farragut's deck, and a long telescope glittered over the side of the car. A long, slender cannon on deck pointing in the general direction of Constantinople, was the object of interest among the Americans. Nothing could exceed the care

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with which it was trained. At length a report, not so loud, but exceedingly sharp, startled the fleet. From the observer came quickly the telephonic report, "A block of buildings annihilated within a quarter of a mile of the Sultan's palace." The distance was thirty miles, and this was the first shot. The Americans looked each other in the eyes for a moment, and then prepared for another trial. Exactly one hour from the first shot, a second descended upon the distant city. The adjoining block towards the palace was reported as being demolished this time. "What are you doing?" signaled the Commander of the allied fleet. "Carrying out my instructions," was the laconic reply. "You will only complicate matters," said the first. "Very sorry," rejoined Dahlgren, "I must obey orders." A flag of truce could already be seen making all speed from the nearest Turkish post towards the flag ship. A summons was sent to Dahlgren to attend the Commander. "His Excellency will kindly excuse me, but I am engaged in important duties which I can not delegate." There was nothing for it but that the Turk must see Dahlgren himself. What was the will of the illustrious United States? Nothing except an escort of three of their largest



gunboats to take the Farragut safely to the walls of Constantinople. Would nothing less suffice him? Nothing; and a space of six hours would be allowed for the arrival of the escort, at the expiration of which time a third gun would be fired, precisely on the second; and furthermore, it might be well to warn the august Sultan that the next shell would probably strike the palace.

The "Unspeakable" Turk, thinking he had the Yankee in his power when that one insignificant vessel lay among the many and mighty warships that called him master, fired a volley upon him from every gun that could be brought to bear. The dwarf either was not hit, or was too well protected. One gun replied from the very bowels of the American, and at point blank range tore up from their roots four of the finest blocks in the city; while, at the same time, a torpedo struck a large iron-clad, threw a portion of its hull across the deck of another, nearly sinking it, and caused general dismay, which was not lessened by the sight of the Farragut, already underway and heading for the flagship with the evident intention of running her down. There was consternation. White flags, and profuse apologies, were the order of the day. A very high official visited the admiral, and invited him to a

confidential interview with the Sultan. Dahlgren replied curtly that he preferred safety to apologies, and that he must beg the Sultan to sign forthwith an agreement in the exact terms indicated on the paper which he had the honor to transmit. Twenty-four hours' grace would be granted, and no more. In the meanwhile, the distinguished functionary might glance along the tube of that great gun, and see that it was pointed at the royal palace. It was not for a stranger to say what that other magnificent building might be, but, if it was an important mosque, its sanctity would not save it from the breath of that other piece, which would not turn aside a hair's breadth till the signed treaty was in his hand. And, if the Moslem took much interest in such matters, there was a third cannon that would take the privilege of roving, and might blow up a few blocks of buildings, or sink a warship, as it happened.

All the resources of diplomacy having been exhausted in vain by the artful Turk, the treaty signed as required was submitted to the daring American's inspection five minutes before the expiration of the set time. To the official who brought it said Dahlgren :

“I will now retire with the same escort

that conveyed me hither; but not till I shall have communicated with the fleet. In two hours this electric launch will be ready to follow the swiftest vessel you can send with her, and return."

"As you please, gentlemen. I don't go until this launch has made the trip in safety," was all the explanation that could be extorted from him. It was so done. A trusty officer with the sealed treaty, was placed on board the Russian flagship, a duly certified copy was presented to the Commander of the whole fleet, and information that these steps had been taken was brought back to the American admiral.

"Now," said he to the polite Turk, who was awaiting his departure, "I am ready to go, and will take you with me as far as the convoy accompanies me. As a useful precaution, you may communicate to his Sublime Highness that the treaty is safe in such custody that it will surely reach the President, so that it won't be of much use to sink me." The dignitary scowled, but bowed obsequiously.

On nearing the fleet, the Farragut was received with broadsides of congratulation from the Russians and others. Dahlgren responded as well as he could, picked up the trusted officer,

made the signal of final farewell under strict orders, and sped away. The Briton in general command liked not the whole proceeding. He signaled the American to approach and report further. Dahlgren replied with the simple statement that he was withdrawing permanently, according to strict orders; and kept on his way with increasing speed. The Englishman repeated the summons, and then fired across the American's bow. The latter held on his course, silent as the grave; he was now going thirty miles an hour. A brief interval, a flash, and the flagstaff of the Farragut cut short off at the deck, came down with the Stars and Stripes, and tons of metal smote upon the well-armed little vessel. Swiftly the Farragut came around, headed for the English giant, and rang her bell to drive the engines at top speed. All hands were beat to quarters. The national ensign soon flew aloft with the signal: "Salute the flag, or I will run you down." The Briton ordered: "Interpose, and save the flag-ship." A coal-tender with two heavily laden barges, alone seemed able to obey the order. At forty miles an hour, the keen steel ram struck the obstacle. The coal flew, the three boats seemed to bound out of the water; with a splash and a gurgle, they were gone, and

the American sped on. Less than three miles now, and that indomitable Yankee was coming down grim and terrible. To get out of the way was impossible, to cripple the adversary a perilous attempt in the extreme. "Still flew that relentless signal, "Salute, or be run down." The Briton yielded. Up ran the American flag over the British, and the guns began to peal. It was none too soon. With engines laboring at reversed shafts, and the helm hard aport, everything was done to avert the inevitable. The collision came. The mighty flag-ship shuddered, rose slowly out of the water, listed heavily to starboard, slid off sideways from the ram, and plunged into the waves. In a moment the haughty stubbornness of an aristocrat had done the irreparable damage, and the finest war-ship of the English navy was ruined. Pausing to assure himself that the boat would not sink, Dahlgren turned on his heel, gracefully dipped his colors, and sped away, to communicate with the home government.

By this time the nations of the earth had learned that when the United States government was determined to carry a measure, it was practically useless for any or all of them to resist, so great was the power wielded by hun-

dreds of millions of freemen welded together into one nation, notwithstanding that they had no army worth mentioning and a navy that was ridiculed by the other great maritime nations. The idea of invading the territory of such a people never entered the wildest brain; and, as for assailing their commerce, that might be done with terrible effect undoubtedly, but America, it was suspected, might not be the one to suffer most. So it came to pass that, under the protection of the American flag, the remnant of Judah began to gather from their long exile, to repossess the homes of their forefathers, to mourn bitterly over the faded glory of Israel, and to devise plans for realizing at least some portion of what the unforgotten word of prophecy had been promising them for so many centuries. It gradually became evident that there were three directions in which men looked with hope. Three parties arose, which stood somewhat apart from each other, but as yet fortunately without any special bitterness.

Among those who had met in the conference at which we have glanced, these differing opinions found adherents who were well fitted to be leaders and shrank not from giving utterance to their views. One of the strongest speakers was

a rabbi, of venerable and majestic appearance, who dilated with great beauty of language and fervency of manner upon the stately and magnificent ceremonies that rivaled the awful splendors of that house which Israel's two greatest kings erected to the glory of Jehovah. The gorgeous robes replete with symbolism, in which Aaron had headed the procession of priests, were elaborately described by him till every hearer seemed to see the high priest of his God once more standing at the high altar. Much more was said in this strain, before he began the sad recital of Israel's woes, culminating in the destruction of Herod's temple by the Romans, and the consequent extinction of the sacrificial fire and abandonment of the temple ritual. He showed how completely the whole of the Jewish worship, as appointed by the Lord, was bound up with the designated place whereon abode the visible presence of God, so that after the consecration of Solomon's temple that became the sole locality in all the wide earth where the Jewish ceremonial and ritual worship could be lawfully, acceptably, or safely offered; and then pointed out clearly that the poor wanderers from the Holy Land, driven forth by the inexorable Roman, or the more inexorable hand of fate, or rather by



the righteous anger of a justly offended God, had lived along for thousands of years in the truly deplorable state of being without priest, altar, or sacrifice. He reminded them that during all the weary centuries of banishment they had never lost the hope of a restoration, and that when they had come flocking back to the Land of Promise with tears of joy in their eyes, they had become so quickly and so keenly sensible of the great defect of their position.

"And now," said the impressive orator, "that, in goodly numbers, we tread once more the sacred soil and breathe the hallowed air, what can we do by way of removing that defect? The great difficulty is to restore the priesthood. The temple we can rebuild, and perhaps make it no unworthy successor to the renown of Herod's or of Solomon's; altars we can set up, suitable garments we can provide, everything essential we can restore, except the Aaronic priesthood. Nevertheless, is there no way? With the returning tide of Divine favor, will not all things that are necessary and that are wanting be borne in upon us? Might not a diligent search be rewarded by the discovery of some descendant of Aaron, upon whose tables of genealogy no doubt rests, and who shall be found worthy to wear the

breastplate? Such an one having been duly selected by the congregation and presented before the Lord in the Holy Place, it might well be that the Lord would raise up a prophet to anoint him with oil, compounded after the receipt which is still in our possession, and consecrate him to the high office so long vacant; or that Jehovah would by some other method indicate His will that the chosen individual should succeed to the honors and awful responsibilities that rested upon Aaron, and Phineas, and Eli, and Joshua. Then all would indeed be accomplished. The regular ritual might proceed with all solemnity; and, even without the ark of the covenant, the Shekinah might cover the Mercy-seat, and fill the Holy of Holies; without the Urim and Thummim the spirit of prophecy might find an abiding place beneath the breastplate. Such then is my advice; let us reconstruct and replace, so far as is possible, search diligently for a proper high-priest, offer him to Jehovah for consecration, and thus restore our ancient Jewish worship in its pristine glory, confidently trusting that the God of Abraham will not fail, having half opened his hand, to open it still wider and pour out blessings upon us."

Thereupon arose a much younger man, but one

well advanced in years nevertheless, whose words usually carried much weight with them. He was known to be very rich, was admired for his generosity, and greatly respected for the elevated tone of his life. He began with a tribute to the last speaker :

“ No one could fail to be impressed by what we have just listened to, nor would any one be happier than I to see the plans so powerfully advocated in successful operation. It is with extreme reluctance that I raise the question whether the scheme would be likely to succeed. What ground is there for believing that Jehovah intends to reinstate the Aaronic priesthood? There was little difficulty in preserving it through the seventy years that its functions were suspended by the Babylonish captivity. It met with a worse enemy in the commotions and corruptions which preceded and followed the glorious, but too transient, triumph of the Maccabees. When the high-priesthood was transferred from one to another by sale and violence, it is not easy to think that much attention was paid to the preservation of the succession. Men may easily have borne the dignity who were no sons of Aaron, or the anointing of consecration may very supposably have been neglected.

Whether the Caiaphas under whom the Messiah of the Christians is said to have been crucified was a lawful high-priest, is thought by many to be more than questionable. About that time the temple worship fell with a crash, and yet its fall by no means left the Jews resourceless. The exigencies of the situation had gradually created in the synagogue system a very wide-spread medium through which the sons of Judah could still engage in those exercises of public devotion which human nature seems to crave. Of man's devising, but in no sense antagonistic to the divinely appointed worship of the temple, the synagogue and the rabbi may have done some evil; they certainly must be credited with much, very much good. That system has been our dependence for two thousand years; it has satisfied our religious cravings—till lately. We were sensible of no want—till lately. My revered friend says that there is a great and growing dissatisfaction universal among us, and that it centres about priest, altar, and sacrifice. I would remind him and you, my friends, that men are prone to discontent. With the glowing anticipations that had become traditional, it was inevitable that we should be disappointed. Having naturally projected the past into the future,

we looked for a restoration which was impossible. The past never returns to individual or nation. Our destiny is onwards. What do we desire? Is there one of us who would view with equanimity a temple converted into a shambles? Would my venerable friend himself feel his soul elevated by the sight? There are better sacrifices than thousands of slaughtered bullocks. Does Jehovah delight in rivers of blood? The want under which our holy religion has maintained itself for two thousand years of such exile cannot be a vital one. The synagogue has followed us wherever we have wandered, kept our feet in the true paths, comforted us in all the crushing trials that have beset us. The system is not perfect. It may be modified to advantage; but I am persuaded that our wisest course is to set ourselves about the easy task of introducing such improvements as the wisdom of the last speaker and others like him may suggest into the system of the Synagogue, and then to discipline ourselves into contentment with what is almost certainly the very best ritual we can enjoy this side of Paradise."

A general discussion ensued, which brought out the views of most of those present, the balance hanging about even between the two plans

of action that had been proposed. Some few held back, unable to agree with either side, and yet cautious about proclaiming sentiments that might be unfavorably received. At length a speaker of the synagogue party, while proposing certain changes in the liturgy, asked the question whether there were not some Christian hymns, of no particular doctrinal color, that could with great advantage be introduced into their services. This brought to his feet a young man, who at first spoke slowly and cautiously, as one who is feeling his way. He said :

“To the question so pertinently asked by the brother who has just taken his seat, I reply that I can see no reason why a Jew, however firmly attached to his ancestral faith, should be shocked by our according a hearty welcome to some at least of the hymns with which we have grown familiar among the Gentiles, and to which we have become strongly attached, possibly in spite of our utmost efforts to remain indifferent. I do not think myself that a sufficient ground of exclusion would be that a hymn paid honor to the Nazarene by name. Do not the disciples of Mohammed rank the Galilean prophet above our great Lawgiver himself? Is it worth while to disguise from ourselves any longer the patent

fact that our sojourn among the Christians has, by a process inconceivably slow, but none the less sure for all that, exercised an insensibly modifying influence upon our views, our opinions, our innermost convictions, until the crucified Nazarene is no longer the abhorrent figure upon which the mind spat as often as the semblance rose before it. We may be no nearer to accepting him as our Messiah, and at the same time it is no secret that many of our greatest rabbis entertain a profound respect for the lofty purity of his character, and think that our forefathers made a great mistake, if they did not even commit a great crime, when in the fanaticism of their zeal they put him to death. Sincere adherence to the teachings of the Nazarene does certainly develop a character which the fiercest bigotry can hardly refuse to admire. Christianity is neither an imposture nor a fanaticism. Must it not be confessed, brethren of Judah, that we are met here to-night by the grace of the Nazarene, or at all events of his followers? Surely there must be something in a religion which has led these Christians to exert themselves so vigorously in behalf of a hated race upon whose hands yet rests the blood of their crucified founder. With the strict orthodoxy of

the Church we can never have any affiliation, but is the same repugnance felt by us to some of the more liberal forms of that faith? It has sometimes struck me forcibly that the chasm between us and the so-called Unitarians is not impassable. I would suggest the expediency of considering whether we might not profitably readjust our whole system so as to bring it nearer still to liberal Christianity. I can not think it at all likely that the Aaronic priesthood, so ardently desired by many, will ever be reinstated; nor can I look with much hopefulness to the antiquated and rigid forms of the synagogue, however extensively remodeled and expanded, for the renovating force of rejuvenated Judaism. As Jewish Unitarians, however, borrowing the best teachings of one who professed to respect Moses and all the prophets, and who died under the charge of being the 'King of the Jews,' I venture to anticipate for us a future so bright that all the glories of the past will pale before it."

The commotion produced by this speech justified the caution with which it had been uttered, and perhaps testified to the prevalence of the suspicion that the orator was not far from the truth. To what lengths the more conservative



members might have gone in denouncing such startling utterances must remain matter of conjecture, for there was, just at this opportune moment, an interruption which effectually turned men's thoughts into a new channel. With firm, deliberate step, into the midst of the assembly, moved the most majestic figure any one there had ever beheld in living flesh. Instantly every tongue was hushed and every eye rested upon the intruder. Much above the common stature and magnificently proportioned; erect as though only twenty summers had smiled upon his happy youth, and yet wearing a flowing beard of iron-gray that fell almost to his girdle although betraying an invincible inclination to curl about the strong mouth and massive chin; throwing well forward a chest of most uncommon depth, and resting upon a huge, rugged, gnarled, oaken staff a left hand that might have closed upon a lion's paw and made him roar with pain, the right hand being somewhat hidden in the folds of a long mantle which formed almost his sole visible apparel; with eyes of rare brilliancy and marvelous repose looking around calmly and steadily upon the circle of faces from under brows that towered above them like the bold cliffs of En-gedi; he stood silent and thoughtful,

while the torches flared upon a complexion of deep, luminous brown indicative of the most robust health. When, at last, he did meet the general expectation, it was only to pronounce the one word, *Carmel*. The effect was magical. It was their password: that was enough in itself; but so singularly sweet, so exquisitely modulated, so surpassingly full and rich were the tones, that the whole air seemed to resound, for some moments, with the strains of a band of most accomplished musicians. Every man instantly became sensible that he had never before heard such a voice, and longed to hear again tones which might at once have lulled to sleep a sick babe, and have sounded the battle cry in drowsy ears ten miles away. Never had such a voice been heard, but what had it to say? What words of wisdom would issue from that ample chest, out of that truly leonine head with long, dark locks falling in thick masses to the shoulders?

“You would know who I am, and whence I come thus, a stranger and uninvited, into your midnight assembly. Let it suffice that a true Jewish heart beats within, and that I have given you proof that I am not without claim to participate in your deliberations. More I may not

say, chiefly because the truth in its simplicity would appear to you the base coinage of the arch-deceiver. Though I might plead for some small consideration on the score of age, all that I freely waive, greatly preferring that my counsel should stand upon its own merits."

The words thus far were surely simple enough, but uttered by one of such majestic mould, and in a voice of such compass, power, and melody, they were more than mere words. He continued :

"Is it too much to say that we stand to-night at one of the great crises of our history? A very ancient nation, we have gone through many such. When Moses descended from communing with God on Mount Sinai, cast from his hands the two tables of stone, and confronted a people who had apostatized in his brief absence, then there arose one of these great crises. On the return of the twelve spies with an exaggerated report of the formidableness of the land, there was another. The presentation of the remonstrance by the young men to Rehoboam, unwise son of a wise father, constituted another. In the reign of the wicked Ahab is easily recognized another of these most critical times."

He then descanted with such vividness upon

the outrages committed by Jezebel, upon the rapidly increasing defection of the populace, upon the weak and ineffectual attempts of the few faithful ones to stem the tide, that the auditors held their breath. The whole story of the robbery of Naboth was told with such marvelous particularity of detail, with such clear delineation of the chief actors, with such descriptions of the various scenes, that the listeners could only just subdue the impulse to cry aloud for vengeance against the perpetrators of a hideous crime which seemed to be committed before their very eyes. He then reminded the assemblage that on that self-same mountain, and not far from that very spot, had occurred the contest between the eight hundred and fifty priests of idols and the solitary prophet of Jehovah. He described, as though it were a scene indelibly impressed upon his memory, and often present to his imagination, the prospect that opened out upon the spectators who, all the earlier part of the day, came flocking up the sides of the mountain to a great cleared space admirably adapted for the gigantic assemblage that was convened there by the royal summons. The priests of Baal and the priests of Astarte were made to come forth, in all the magnificence of their attire and the haughty

insolence of their bearing, from the graves in which the centuries had piled oblivion upon them. Jezebel sat once more in her chariot of state, resplendent in the painted beauty which she loved to lavish upon the awe-struck multitude, and waved encouragement to the prophets of heathendom. Ahab scowled, irresolute and impatient, upon a contest of which he could conjecture no issue that would not be distasteful. And then the people, thronging all around, pressing as near as they dared, filling the trees, clinging to the rocks above, below, around, looking down from opposite elevations, gazing up from valleys away below, were drawn to the life by this wondrous orator. Now the contest begins, coolly and confidently at first on the part of the idolaters, who rely upon their numbers and adroitness to apply natural fire in a surreptitious manner, but with gathering rage as they see their tricks anticipated and their designs exposed; and it proceeds to its ignominious conclusion with frantic outbursts of fanaticism from baffled imposters who are trying to lash themselves into the belief that Baal will interpose. In an interval of quiet afforded by the physical exhaustion of the false prophets, the quiet voice of Elijah directs the building of the

altar, the proper arrangement of everything, the pouring of the water drawn from that priceless fountain whose ceaseless flow no drought could check, and whose proximity had occasioned the selection of the locality for this trial. Then, after a brief appeal to Jehovah from his chosen servant, while he and all stand well away from the dripping altar, a flash becomes distinctly visible, clear and bright, but not vivid, a streak of light descends upon the sacrifice, and in another instant all is wrapped in flames.

As he spoke, a feeling crept irresistibly over the audience, unacknowledged by them, that the narrator must have taken part in what he described. Undoubtedly it was the hand of a master that touched the cords. To all appearance unintentionally, the outlines of authentic narration were filled out in such a way that what had before seemed dark, or improbable, or inconsistent, now assumed the hues of the highest verisimilitude, and men wondered that they had not thought of that explanation before. The oldest and most pious felt as though they had never really read their Bibles. Perhaps the most striking addition was that in regard to the fountain, its exact relative location, and the procession of people carrying the water in small

quantities to fill the large vessels from which it was finally poured upon the altar. No one any longer experienced surprise that in such a drought there was water to pour upon the sacrifice in such profusion. Already every one present felt absolutely sure that the extraordinary stranger was a Jew to the core, and master of the ancient language, customs, laws, haunts, and abodes of that people altogether beyond what he had supposed possible.

The orator continued :—" We have, it must be apparent to all, reached a critical point in our history not inferior to any that has gone before. The eyes of hundreds of millions of people are turned upon us, in friendly or hostile expectation that extraordinary things will, in accomplishment of our wondrous destiny, happen to us, now that we are once more in possession of our ancestral territory. Our future has always been of interest to our ancient antagonists, the Christians. Revering not less than ourselves our sacred Scriptures, they have always been divided in opinion as to the interpretation of those very numerous passages which refer to a glorious period in the history of Israel to precede the coming of the end ; some understanding all these prophecies as belonging to us, the literal *Israel* ;

and others choosing an allegorical explanation, according to which *Israel* signifies the chosen people of God, and, therefore, from the Christian standpoint, the Christians themselves; and still others adopting an intermediate view. It is now generally conceded, as demonstrated by the inexorable logic of events, that the literal Israel is not to be forgotten in the twilight grandeur of earth's sky. We begin to be once more a people in good earnest. The whole vast system of prophecy is assuming definite shape, and the world is studying, with an intensity unknown before, and with a clearness of insight only rendered possible by late occurrences, the priceless Bible of the Hebrews, in order to learn what can be deciphered of the mystic scroll upon which the finger of God has written great things for the dispersed of Israel. The future of the world, as well as of ourselves, may lie in our hands now, even as it did once in the times so long left behind."

The resonant voice ceased, and the searching eyes swept the circle again and again. A brief space he stood leaning both hands heavily on that rugged staff; and then he put it from him, and folded those mighty arms across that massive chest, while his whole form seemed to tower



into greater majesty. He resumed in lower, and most persuasive tones :

“ Whether Christianity is true or false, it was originally a religion of Jews and for Jews. It was for the Jew to say whether he would accept or reject it. The world knows what decision was reached by the great majority of the sons of Jacob ; the world does not know what would have been the history of religion and of civilization had the opposite conclusion been reached by them. What imagination can picture the Christianity of the first era had the Israelitish people, as a people, gladly accepted the “ Crucified ” for their Messiah ? Trained by God’s hand through thousands of years of fatherly supervision for the express purpose of being in a suitable condition, mentally, morally, and spiritually, to welcome the Prince of Peace, how different must have been the result had they carried themselves over bodily, with all their heaven-bestowed discipline, into the new faith ? Baffled in its attempt to build on that foundation, the leaders of the Church had to make the best they could of a civilization that was fundamentally pagan, the Graeco-Roman. With the necessity upon them of rebuilding the whole edifice of thought, feeling, and tradition, it was an enormous task they

undertook. A people who, for countless generations, had worshiped in Zeus, or Jupiter, an adulterous despot, with the use of ceremonies formal, empty and idle, when not ostentatiously vile and degrading, could hardly be converted, in one lifetime or in twenty, into enlightened worshipers of a pure and holy God. The lofty doctrine might work on for centuries, a powerful leaven among the disciples of the new creed, but there would linger remnants of heathenism in belief, in sentiment, in predilection, that would appear ineradicable. Then, too, wave after wave of heathenism, Germanic, Frankish, Gothic, Vandal, Scandinavian, rolled in upon the settling waters, to disturb them again, and greatly retard the process of clarification. Under these circumstances is it to be supposed that all elements of heathenism have even yet been eliminated from the Christianity of the masses? We have long been in contact with Christianity, but with what sort of Christianity? What we know by the name, how closely does it resemble the true Christianity as conceived in the mind of its irreproachable Founder, and proclaimed by Him to the inner circle of His chosen followers? The religion that has so terribly abused the miserable sons of Jacob, is that the religion of

One who would not suffer a hand to be lifted in His own defense? Judging it by its own standards, must we not confess that it is not what it was intended to be? Doubtless, as exhibited in the teachings and in the lives of a very select band of the saintliest and the acutest, the faith of the Galilean Prophet approaches very closely to the primitive type; but, as taught in the vast majority of orthodox pulpits, conceived by the mass of ordinary hearers, and put into practice by the collective body of believers, there are about it points of variance, more or less clearly traceable to paganism, which greatly and most lamentably obscure the likeness. Therefore the conclusion would seem not altogether unwarrantable that, whatever of truth we may be able to discern in Christianity, a re-infusion of Judaism is necessary before there can be set before an admiring, if rebuked, world a living exemplification, in anything like adequate beauty and power, of those marvelous teachings that imparted its vitality to pristine Christianity. With one who has already spoken, I must in all honesty admit our debt to the Christianity that has forced Mohammedanism to admit us into this sacred territory spread out around and below us, and also frankly acknowledge that we

as a people no longer occupy the position of antagonism which once made Jews and Christians the most implacable of foes; but, at the same time, whatever my attitude towards the Christ of Nazareth, I stand here to-night under the all-seeing eye of David's God, and Hezekiah's God, as thorough a Jew, as full a believer in the Law and the Prophets, as loyal a member of the ancient Church of God's people, as any brother in this conclave. Brothers, if among you all there is one who lives in daily, hourly expectation of that great event of all history, that hope of all the prophets, the Coming of the Messiah, I believe I may say that I am that one."

As that deep voice rolled these last words over that attentive assembly, they found such faithful echo in every heart that to every ear the rumbling of chariot wheels seemed to shake the distant mountains.

He continued :

"Well do we all know the high esteem in which the married state has been held among us from the beginning. The original blessing was to Abraham and his 'seed.' Through his 'seed' all nations were to be blessed, and his descendants were to be as numerous as the grains of sand upon the shores of the limitless oceans, or

the stars that reveal themselves by the millions through the telescope of the modern astronomer. Was it not the pure and holy ambition of every Jewish maiden, to become the mother of the Messiah? If indeed prophecy indicated that the promised child should be born of a virgin mother, this mystery was disregarded, as the deepest truths are wont to be, and he was expected to be the offspring of some fortunate marriage between righteous and lofty-souled man and woman. While this expectation was at his height the Messiah, according to the Christians, was born of the Virgin Mary, literally a *virgin*. He teaches the sanctity of marriage, forbidding *man* to sunder the marriage bond in which *God* hath joined two together into one flesh, and never glorifying celibacy except in connection with temptation to unlawful divorce. Scarcely has he left this earth, when among his followers begins a most extraordinary laudation of the single state, as if, because the Son of God chose to enter this world through a virgin, marriage was dishonored; though, probably, if the ablest advocate of celibacy had been asked what other course the Messiah could have adopted, he would have experienced grave difficulties in answering. Soon there was an epidemic of celibacy. Married

Christians deserted their spouses in order to live a life of *purity*, and were encouraged to do so. The idea rapidly seized upon the Christian community that the ministry ought to be unmarried, and in the year 325, a law to that effect was in great danger of being passed. Gradually that opinion established itself over a very large section of the Christian world, but in the form that only legal marriage was forbidden, while secret, if not open, countenance was lent to sinful indulgence under the plea that priests were men and could not avoid having the propensities of men. However it may be with the devout Roman Catholics, no Jew, with all the opportunities he and his people have had for close observation, believes in enforced celibacy as anything more in the vast majority of cases than a name. Rather does he look upon it with the utmost abhorrence as one of the deadliest engines imaginable for the debauchery of any community wherein it is established. Whence came this frightful perversion of the doctrine taught by Christ and His Apostles? Were Christianity true, our forefathers would be responsible. Had they gone over into Christianity as a body, and carried with them the beliefs concerning the sanctity of marriage into which Jehovah had gradually educated

them, the unfathomable filth of Rome, and of Corinth, and of the whole Roman world, would not have shocked the early Christians into so fanatical a re action. There would have been a large and influential part of the Church with such clear and settled views on this momentous subject that, whenever some one, outraged by sight of the awful licentiousness of heathenism, arose to advocate celibacy, the reply would have been instant and effective: Because many men are gluttons, we need not reject the use of food; nor, because many are grossly licentious, are we to despise an ordinance which God has sanctified, and made almost obligatory by the original injunction to be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, an injunction reiterated in the blessing bestowed upon Noah when the vanished waters had left a depopulated earth. In one way, marriage is not as necessary to the human constitution as eating, but to the human family it is just as necessary; and, moreover, to hand over the procreation of offspring to the degraded and vicious is utterly to bar the progress of the race. From the vile spring the villainous. The pure, holy, God-fearing people are the very ones to marry and beget children a little purer, holier, and more God-fearing, on the average, than

themselves. Such an answer, in many quarters, where it is needed, could the Jew help the Christian to make even now.

"The worship of images has disquieted the Christian Church hardly less than the effort to persuade the world that marriage is unholy. The sad story of the inroads made so early, so repeatedly, and with such dire results, upon the territories of Christianity by that most execrable practice known as *idolatry*, reminds us most forcibly of some most lamentable passages in our own earlier annals. We seem to see rising before us Aaron, and the golden calf, and the mad multitude, on the one hand, and, on the other Moses, his eyes blazing with indignation, and behind him Mount Sinai still flashing and trembling at the presence of Omnipotence. Or our shamed glance turns from Jeroboam's double abomination, the calves at Dan and Bethel. Or we shudder at Jezebel's profane attempt to set up the dominion of the Queen of Heaven. Passages throng upon our memories containing stern denunciations of this iniquity and awful warnings to turn speedily from it. And then exultantly we console ourselves with reflections upon the noble zeal against idolatry exhibited by the mass of the people from the time when the



iron of captivity entered into their souls. Dwelling under the shadow of Bel, Nebo, Ishtar, Merodach, and of all the Host of Heaven, they soon sated themselves at the banquet of a worship wholly alien and now rendered tenfold more offensive by their position as exiles. They or their children at length returned, hating with a fiery zeal everything suggestive of a false god or of a materialization of God, so that thenceforward idolatry was to them as abhorrent and detestable as it had before been attractive. Had there been of the race that the Maccabees led to heroic victory a decidedly larger proportion among the Christians of the earlier centuries, these would have been less likely to be dazzled by the splendor of heathen temples or betrayed by a weak sentimentality into a disloyal accommodation to the prejudices of newly converted pagans. The strife, and the misery, and the disloyalty, and the degradation, and the humiliation, and the ingratitude, and the falsehood, and the crime, of image-worship, and of idolatry, and of saint-worship, and of Mariolatry might have been spared the Christian Church, had the Jews carried into it their zeal for the pure worship of the true God.

“The presence among them of the Jews in

goodly numbers would also have been of great service to the Christians in saving them from dire disputes and woful errors concerning their most sacred ceremony. Having learned to see the grand fulfillment and consummation of all the sacrificial ceremonies of the Law in the one great atoning sacrifice of voluntary self-dedication by the Eternal Son of God, born a man that He might die, and in dying slay Death, the Christian Jews would hardly have expected to find, under the new dispensation, anything like a continuance of the old bloody offerings; but would readily have turned, for a satisfying of the religious instinct which so persistently demands some sort of sacrificial observance, to that essential and striking part of their ancient ceremonial which consisted in a social and, at the same time, religious participation by priests and people in the unconsumed and unrejected portions of the offerings. The enlightened and sober-minded Jew would have seen small necessity for the creation, by the priest, in the sacrament, of the actual body and blood of God the Son, in order that there might be a sacrifice, and a localized presence of God. And when it comes to the idea of feasting upon the transubstantiated elements, or, in plain words, of eating

the actual flesh, and drinking the actual blood of the man Christ Jesus, there is nothing in all the history of our people to indicate that our feelings towards it could be other than those of intense abhorrence, and utter and instantaneous rejection. We have good reason, therefore, to think that the clear, precise, and well-arranged beliefs of the Jews on the great subject of sacrifice might have rescued Christianity from a series of sacramental errors which, having once gained root, have shown a strange vitality, and are displaying no little vigor at this very day, to the sorrow of all who hate evil.

“ We may also well consider that the highest place in the affections of a true son of Judah belongs, and must belong, to Jerusalem; and that no city on earth, however vast, populous, splendid, powerful, or overflowing with historic associations, Nineveh or Babylon, Thebes or Memphis, Athens or Alexandria, Rome or Constantinople, could hope to supplant it. Even as it was, Jerusalem long retained precedence as the Mother Church of Christendom. What, then, had the people of Jerusalem and the dispersed among the Gentiles, joined the ranks of the Christians, and, in the early struggles among the churches for preëminence, cast their influence for their own be-

loved city and against Rome? The arrogant and baseless pretensions of the latter might, in that event, have been laughed down, and frowned down, while Jerusalem, in its turn, would have possessed neither the power nor the inclination to wield the sceptre of arbitrary domination wrested from the other."

Slowly some new thoughts were working themselves into the large and active minds of those nocturnal auditors so intently listening to the speaker, whose extraordinary personality impressed itself upon all as that of a born leader of the leaders, and whose singularly sweet and powerful voice seized upon all with such force that, whenever he paused for a moment, they trembled with desire to hear the entrancing sound again. He pointed now to unmistakable signs of an approaching sun upon the distant mountains of Galilee, and spoke with even greater calmness and confidence than before:

"What then do I recommend? Chiefly caution and deliberation in action. Everything depends upon our final attitude towards Christianity. Seeing as clearly as we do that Christianity apart from Judaism has not developed as it should have done, and perceiving great reason to judge that its history in connection with a converted

Israel would have been incomparably more glorious than its actual history has been, we will perhaps act most wisely in taking no definite steps whatever until we shall have had time to consider the whole subject from a fresh standpoint. Otherwise you will do that of which you will repent. Take heed to yourselves, and may the Lord Jehovah bless you, keep you, and guide you. What further I have to say to you, He will grant me opportunity and strength to say. Till then farewell!"

The stranger spread wide his arms partly in prayer, partly in benediction, gathered his robe around him, grasped his thick staff, and turning moved swiftly away on one of the unfrequented paths. None presumed to follow. Instead of the magnetic presence, there was a feeling not far removed from awe. The majestic stranger was gone; and many a day elapsed before any one of that assembly heard again the silvery tones that fell upon the ear like the song of falling water. Innumerable were the conjectures concerning him, but no one knew who he was, or whence he came, and Rumor soon grew tired of a task too far beyond her. A few looked patiently for him to show himself again, but the majority forgot him, as usual.

## CHAPTER III.

## FAILURE TO REBUILD THE TEMPLE, AND SUCCESS.

IN Jerusalem it was a day of great rejoicing, of intense longing, of sustained activity. The labors, the hopes, the prayers of many years seemed about to be crowned with fruition. The promised event of the morrow had thronged the city, and the suburbs, and the country as far around as the utmost circuit of daily railroad communication, with expectant and exultant visitors from all Palestine and from all the world, not only of Jewish birth and affiliation, but of all classes and creeds, for enormous had been the obstacles, and boundless is the sympathy of mankind with successful contention against difficulties. To-morrow the most magnificent temple on the whole earth,—magnificent even beyond the richest of those structures on which the lavish devotion of Russian piety

has expended itself,—is to be completed by a triumph of engineering skill, and dedicated to the Jehovah whose glory dazzled the people of Israel when Solomon prayed and blessed the congregation.

Some had remembered the notable failure of a Roman emperor to restore what the soldiery of Titus had destroyed, and they had strongly dissuaded the leading men from making any fresh attempts to erect a temple on the ancient site. Their forebodings had been treated as faint-heartedness. A mighty movement had been set on foot to collect funds, and to take other preliminary steps that were thought necessary or expedient. The money poured in in immense sums from a people wealthy, generous, religious, and enthusiastically in sympathy with the attempt. On the very threshold of their enterprise, an invincible monster reared its crested head in the shape of a mosque or two. The most sanguine might well hesitate to undertake the task of persuading the Grand Turk to consent to, or connive at, the demolition of a Mohammedan temple. The Sultan was impetuous, and had no objection to valuable gifts, but to sell a temple to the unbeliever! Islam had retired before Judaism until it was a rare

thing to encounter one of that faith in the streets of Jerusalem, but openly to abandon the third in rank of its sacred places! Much political pressure was brought to bear, and threats used, but Allah could surely be trusted to protect his own. Evidently the difficulties were not slight. However, it so happened that a mosque was greatly desired in Chicago, and, although the cosmopolitanism of that great city would have readily tolerated a mosque or a pagoda, no available site was purchasable with any such securities as Islam could offer. Thereupon there arose a Croesus of the Jews, and quietly said in the Grand Vizier's ear: "Here is just the place to build your mosque; on a certain condition which you perfectly well understand it is yours." After a short time an order was issued to pull down the mosque of Omar and everything in its neighborhood in order to rebuild on a larger scale and with more magnificence. The destruction once accomplished, a call was made for the contributions of the faithful towards the new and splendid edifice; and this was quickly followed by a proclamation announcing that there evidently was no longer any need for a mosque just there, and offering the land for sale.

The Jews were soon at work in good earnest,



but immediately their troubles began. Suddenly, like a bolt out of a clear sky, came a vehement protest from the English government, supported by France and Italy, against the erection of anything on that most sacred spot but a Christian church. Over this was expended a vast amount of diplomacy, and the dispute was only settled at last by the firmness of the United States in saying to the impatient people of Israel, Go on and build, and we will protect you.

Forthwith there was a resumption with zest, but before the rubbish was cleared away a dispute arose about the true site of the original temple. Fortunately persistent excavations at length resulted in finding the ancient foundation walls sufficiently well preserved to determine the extent and position of Solomon's temple to the satisfaction of all. These were repaired, and the numerous gaps were filled in, and the foundation raised well above the ground, when, without any ascertainable cause, whole sections fell in with fatal results. This sort of accident occurred again and again, till many of the workmen deserted in alarm. After repeated efforts, the foundation remained long enough to begin building upon it. Then a fire broke out in the night and consumed the scaffolding; then the

main wall bulged on one side ; then a most beautiful column broke from the tackling as it was being raised, fell, and was shattered ; and then the foundation sank in one corner. Heroically persevering through all discouragements, the leading Jews lavished their money, spent their time freely, and gave unstinted thought and attention, towards the achievement of their great design ; and they, at length, had the satisfaction of standing beneath its golden roof ; when, without warning, the walls spread, the dome fell, and all was a wreck even before a fire broke out to complete the disaster.

Not yet discouraged, they listened to one who, reminding them how much of the work of Solomon's temple had been done away from it, proposed to construct the new one of huge glass blocks to be fused together into sections near the site, but not upon it, and then slid into position very much as ships are slid down the ways, and permanently united into one imposing temple. It was this scheme which, having been carried out with a success as unexpected as had been the previous disasters, now offered to the admiring spectator a building nobly proportioned, most beautifully colored, and clad in a splendor almost ethereal. It seemed that the

different sections needed only to be moved towards each other a few inches, and the fondest hopes of restored Israel would be more than realized.

Over against this radiant vision, at a distance of some two miles, on a considerable eminence, a man sat on the ground, his back against the trunk of a most venerable olive tree. Sorrow clouded a countenance from which it could not drive the calm of patience or the sunshine of unwavering faith. Great must have been the emotions that contended in that agitated bosom, mighty the thoughts which contracted those overhanging brows. It was the face of a strong man who anticipated some remarkable event in which he expected to have his own part to play. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem," said he to himself in the strivings of his soul, "is experience powerless to teach thee? Age after age, must the sad story of thy blindness and thine obstinacy prolong itself to thy own unutterable woe and disaster? A Roman emperor strove to set up the walls of thy temple in defiance of the Almighty, and most signally failed. Must thou thyself, untaught and unchastened, repeat the experiment now? How plainly I see the outcome! I have warned these people in every

way and at all times. I have spoken in the public assembly, I have reasoned with the most thoughtful and most susceptible, seeking them out, winning their confidence, following them closely. What has all this availed? Should I take up my stand, this day or to-morrow, amid the throng on Mount Moriah, and raise the cry of prophetic warning, could I turn one of the least of them from the path they are so madly bent upon pursuing? My own impulse, and one so strong that I can hardly resist it, is to make the attempt, for I see the anguish of the people, and their despair, when the catastrophe shall come; but the Spirit of God is not upon me, and without the hand of the Spirit may I do nothing. I must await the well-known voice bidding me to arise and cry aloud,—that voice which was so familiar in the old days,—before I leave my seclusion. What will it bid me do and say? For what have I been reserved through all these years; my life prolonged in such a marvelous manner, the steps of old age arrested so wonderfully? When the time came for my translation, I remember, as though it were yesterday, notwithstanding that three thousand years have since winged their flight over my unheeding head, that I was in the full vigor of my strength,

and how great that strength was. I had lived a life which had tended to increase all the powers of a naturally robust constitution and to develop a muscular system of exceptional capability. Not the fleetest courser in the king's stables could overtake me, no matter how far the road lengthened out. If minded to bend the bow, my arrow's flight shamed the chosen archers of the royal guard. When my wanderings in the desert brought me face to face with the sons of Anak, even those redoubtable warriors shunned the good staff which was my only weapon. I can recall, even now, that day of my early manhood when, coming unexpectedly upon a fierce old lion, I was moved in my boyish recklessness to open my mouth, and shout at the astonished animal. There we stood, and roared at each other, my eyes gleaming mirthfully upon his, until, fairly drowned down, he turned from me, and slunk away abashed. Such was I in my prime, and such was I when that fiery chariot bore me that perilous journey. Decay seemed to be arrested at that point. Subjected to the invigorating air of Sheol, nourished by the food which the ravens never ceased to bring me from the trees of Paradise, my physical organism, far from waxing old and feeble, has very slowly, but

perceptibly improved in all its powers up to the moment of my return to earth and re-subjection to those conditions of mortality under which all go down to the final refuge of exhausted vitality. But even now very slowly does decay fasten upon me, and in the natural course of events many tens of years must yet pass over me before I succumb to the universal destroyer.

“Ever since my translation, I have known that my peculiar position as a mortal man in human flesh among disembodied spirits was assigned me by God, in His inscrutable wisdom, because He purposed to send me on some highly important mission to men, in preparation for the awful Advent which is to separate time from eternity. No doubt I am destined to bear witness to truth and righteousness, even as I did in the days of Ahab. What else was it the Lord said to me in that hour of ecstatic communion with Him when He deigned to call me by name, adding words of commendation which I dare not repeat even to myself? So overwhelming was the awe which sobered, while it enhanced, my joy, that the details of the interview are dimmed by excess of light, and there remains upon my mind little more than an ineffaceable impression of wondrous happiness. And yet there lingers in

my memory the question, 'Elijah, thou patient, much tried, and faithful servant of the Lord, art thou ready for my sake to leave this Paradise of peace and blessedness, and the loved society of these friendly spirits who have always treated thee as one of themselves, and to descend to the earth which thou didst leave so gladly thousands of years since,—more than time enough to become estranged from it,—and meet at last the death which I have reserved for thee as a special mark of my favor, a higher mark than even thy prolonged life?'

"At the moment, my whole being filled to overflowing with the sweetness of that presence, my soul ravished with the music of that voice, there could be no thought in my answer save of the exquisite blessedness of being permitted to dare and suffer something for the One who appealed to my love when He might have commanded my obedience. Afterwards there surged in upon me, in great billows of anguish, what it meant to be banished from the Eden of ransomed spirits, to be summoned out of a long peace by the trumpet call of a contest dire beyond ail that I had yet known; but presently I bethought me of the weariness which was wont to fall upon me from time to time, even in

Paradise, a feeling inseparable probably from mortality, accompanied by an intense longing to be freed from a burden which weighed upon me heavily. In all probability, those upper realms never knew such a mental struggle as then rent my breast. Forty years the storm raged. A feebler organization would have died ten times over. All those forty years, a calm face looked down upon me from beneath a crown of thorns, loving, but reproachful. At the end, by a mighty effort which seemed to shake Paradise, I lifted my eyes, and looked full upon that vision. Insensibly, as I gazed, the countenance grew radiant, through the agony which could not be altogether concealed or suppressed, till it beamed with a triumph which seem to enwrap the beholder with an uplifting not to be resisted. I was strengthened. At that moment a tongue of flame shot into my soul, and I knew myself a recipient of the Spirit's power. Thanksgiving and prayer, which still echo within me, contended for precedence. A while I watched with deeper interest than ever the shifting scenes of earth, and conversed most earnestly with the newcomers who were constantly arriving from below. Then there came a morning when the hush of early dawn listened to the words that



seemed to form themselves without sound, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' and I answered, 'I am here on earth once more to do thy will, O God.'

"Ah! Now the impulse begins to be felt. This night must I spend in fasting and prayer, for to-morrow is likely to prove a most eventful day, and I foresee that my own part will be no easy one to support without discredit to Him who sent me."

A notable feature of the next day's celebration was a vast and gorgeous procession which, forming miles out of the city limits, escorted a golden platform, on which reposed a superb copy of the Hebrew Old Testament, towards their designed resting place within the temple. The banner of each of the twelve tribes of Israel floated over a goodly company of men appointed to represent that particular son of Jacob and his descendants. Each tribe had its peculiar dress, of the richest description, and of brilliant, but harmonious, hues. The flowing robes of the East easily lent themselves to the purpose of picturesque display. A strikingly graceful head-covering greatly improved the general effect, which was also not a little heightened by the bright-colored scarfs that served as additional marks of distinction. Large

cavalcades of men, mounted on beautiful and richly-decorated horses, many of these pure-blooded, high-spirited children of the desert, alternated with compact organizations on foot stepping lightly and swiftly to the inspiring strains of the best martial music executed by the select bands of Europe and America. The standards and flags were marvels of invention, and skill, and fineness of texture, impressive in the distance, and inexpressibly beautiful near at hand. No money had been spared, no effort begrudged to render this part of the grand celebration worthy of the occasion.

As the head of the procession reached Zion, one thousand pieces of heavy ordnance, simultaneously discharged by electricity, thundered forth a salute, and awoke a popular shout that seemed hardly less thunderous. It took hours for this mighty multitude of men in ranks to be marshaled, in some semblance of order, around the great centre of attraction. As many stands had been erected as possible, and on these, to the honor of the Jew be it said, any person could secure a seat, at a very moderate sum, without reservation or discrimination. The less fortunate had to make the best shift they could to get within earshot or range of vision.

A choir of ten thousand picked singers was divided into four equal companies stationed in semi-circular tiers around the northeast angle of the prospective sanctuary all in full sight of the director, whom they obeyed with a precision that was wonderful. A numerous band of most reverend-looking rabbis, grouped near the flashing walls of the temple they hoped to dedicate, continued the circle towards the west and south ; the remainder of the circuit being left free for the artisans who were to finish the great work so long withheld from completion.

To perfect the musical arrangements and greatly heighten the beauty of the scene, there had been erected at regular intervals twelve of the largest and finest church organs ever constructed, covered by twelve miniature synagogues in the best style of Moorish architecture, each different from every other, and each a monument to the liberality of some wealthy Jew, who also gave the organ within at his own sole expense. All these twelve organs, one for each tribe, were most carefully attuned, and were played by electricity, so that they were like one tremendous instrument governed by the genius of the one man selected from the whole nation as most competent for the important task. In ad-

dition to these, all the bands before mentioned, as they reached the temple-area, being ushered to their appointed stations near the organs, formed an orchestra such as earth had never seen before.

It was inevitable that most of the service should be musical. There was reading of the Law and the Prophets. Prayer was offered. The expounding of the Scriptures was not omitted. Several addresses were made. The sacred function of blessing was not forgotten. But what voice could reach any considerable number in that immense throng? The service of song was well conceived, the inexhaustible treasury of the Psalms being almost exclusively drawn upon, and indeed, strange to say, the English language being mainly used and the unrivaled version of the Anglican Psalter. Hebrew, however, had its place, conceded to it out of respect for what it had been to the ancient Church of God. "Al naharoth Babel sham yashabhenu gam-bakinu bezakerenu 'eth-Tsiyon . . . 'eik nashir 'eth shir-Jehovah "al 'ademath nekar." "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion. . . . How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Sung in its own language by all of the

choir who could read that tongue, the One hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm formed an opening piece never to be forgotten. The harps were heard to twang mournfully and feebly before being hung upon the trees. Then a total silence, followed by a prolonged wail of human voices, rising and falling, and dying down till just audible, and presently swelling and swelling, instrument after instrument joining in, then the organs taking up the strain, and in their turn swelling out and out, and, finally, the whole force of everything animate and inanimate prolonging a tremendous outcry of woe, that was a not wholly inadequate expression of the misery borne by the Jewish people, by the waters of Babylon, and by the waters of all the streams that run among all hills, and meander through all valleys. Next in order on the musical programme was the "De Profundis," in German. Grand and solemn was the roll of the deep German voices as they sang: "Aus der tiefen rufe ich, Herr, zu dir. Herr, hoere meine stimme, lass deine ohren mercken auf die stimme meines fiebens." This was a little more hopeful, and served as the transition to the deeply penitential utterances of the Fifty-first Psalm, which was rendered in English with marvelous effect. The soul of

David seemed to cry out from a tempestuous sea of shame and sorrow in which he was about to sink, but after a while to near the shallows, and then feel the bottom, and at last climb out on the beach, where it lay and looked upwards, exhausted, and yet happy in the assurance of pardon free and full.

When the organs awake again, a total change has taken place. Sin and sorrow are dismissed. Joyously sound the pipes, and ecstasy trembles on the lips of the singers. "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord. . . . O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces." As they give forth the words of the One hundred and twenty-second Psalm, the triumphant joy of the present occasion breaks forth from amid the clouds, and every hearer loses himself in the exultation consequent upon the assured and speedy realization of hopes long deferred.

Many a jubilant Psalm prepared the people for the great event, the consummation of the celebration, but the happiest effort of all was generally acknowledged to be the rendering in English of the Forty-fifth. How gracious seemed

the "King" as more than two thousand clear tenor voices proclaimed; "Thou art fairer than the children of men; full of grace are thy lips, because God hath blessed thee forever!" Gloriously was he seen to ride forth, as an equal number of wonderful basses, with the force and decision which belong preëminently to their part, dwelt appreciatively upon the sublime address; "Good luck have thou with thine honor; ride on, because of the word of truth, of meekness, and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things." Then every religious soul shook with the shaking earth, as the entire force of the instruments, and the choir, and the multitude was expended upon the remarkable verse: "Thy seat, O God, endureth forever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre." Nothing possibly ever exceeded the exquisite tenderness with which the altos advised the bride:—"Hearken, O daughter, and consider; incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;" nor could imagination well conceive a more ethereal expression of sympathetic admiration than warbled forth from not less than two thousand soprano throats, the least of which would have come near to shaming the nightingale, in the words: "The King's daughter is all

glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold." The chorus caught up the strain almost impatiently, thronged about the company of virgins, her fellows, pressed after them into the palace, held wide the doors, and, confident of the Prince's favor, shouted to all to come in and join in the merry-making of the bridal feast. It was perfectly irresistible. The very gates of heaven seemed thrown back, and such transports of joy seized the multitude that, a single voice of unusual sweetness and distinctness breaking into a simple chanting of the Twenty-fourth Psalm, the musical director instantly caught up the idea, the organist struck in, the bands forthwith fell into line, and from hundreds of thousands of throats sounded out the call, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates." Herein was a departure from the programme regretted not even by the committee who drew it up.

Meanwhile preparations were being made to bring the various sections of the building into contact with each other. Hydraulic pressure applied by very powerful electric engines was relied upon to accomplish the result. Enormous power was required, but it was calculated that much more than enough had been provided. For some reason, however, there was no for-



ward movement of the parts, notwithstanding that the pressure was much beyond what had been thought necessary. Consequently the engines were driven harder and harder, the chief engineer, who had the whole matter in charge, swearing under his breath that he would *make* the things move. His subordinates foreboded disaster, perceiving that he was unduly exhilarated with vanity and whisky, but soon learned that remonstrance only aggravated the evil, and submitted to the inevitable. Nevertheless they plainly foresaw that the excess of force, when once the inertia should have been overcome, would be likely to produce a most dangerous shock.

It was considerably past the hour that had been announced for the completion of the building, and yet the sections had not yielded a hair's breadth. The impatience of the directors was greatly increased also by the rapid approach of most ominous clouds, perceived by few, though angry enough in aspect to make the hardiest think of shelter. Word at last came that motion was perceptible in the vast and ponderous masses, and the signal was forthwith given to proceed with the selected music, which was the solemnly jubilant Ninety-seventh Psalm. Ex-

pectation at its height was subdued by the grandeur of the rendering. The earth, the multitude of the isles found in those trained voices, in those innumerable instruments of music, suitable expression for their joy in realizing the fact that, "The Lord is King." The second verse was rendered doubly impressive by the obscuration at that precise moment of the sun, which had previously shone with uninterrupted splendor. "Clouds and darkness are round about him : righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat." The voices of the singers were hushed in awe, and many a soul shuddered in terror, while, with pitiless distinctness, the following words shaped themselves ;—" There shall go a fire before him, and burn up his enemies on every side." It was evident now that the sections were under way. The imperturbable musicians had gone once over the next verse ;—" His lightnings gave shine unto the world : the earth saw it, and was afraid," and were repeating it, when, with a crash that was audible above everything, the lofty walls rushed together. Dismay sat on every countenance. The music went on. " His lightnings ——." There was a flash and a crash. The storm burst with terrific violence. Glare followed glare

so rapidly that there was no distinguishable interval. Crack, crash, rumble and peal alternated and commingled, in dire uproar, forming a most fitting accompaniment in sinful ears to the diapason of the Eternal Voice. All the winds of heaven, leaping from their caves, hurled themselves with tremendous fury at once upon the helpless crowd ; and, as though the windows of the skies had indeed been thrown wide open, the rain descended in such volumes that instantly the whole assembly was drenched as though plunged bodily into the water. Escape was so hopeless that the thought of it entered the mind of no one. There was nothing to do but to huddle together like sheep, and wait for the end.

It went as it came. The multitude barely had time to realize the situation, before the sun was shining serenely again, and the great curtain of cloud was rolling down behind the horizon. That scene of desolation ! Such a chaos of rent and bedraggled splendor ! The plight of the organs and the smaller instruments is easier to imagine than the horribleness of the din that would have accompanied any rash attempt to play upon them. When the eye turned towards the temple, the significance of the storm began

to be recognized. Where had stood the pride of architecture, the acme of glass-staining, was to be distinguished merely a shapeless ruin of vitreous fragments, their color and transparency gone as well as their form, and so utterly sunken that not one block could be said to rest upon another. The exact cause no two could agree upon. What matter? The ruin was there, and that was enough.

For some moments not a sound was heard, not an exclamation of astonishment, not a cry of dismay, not even a wail of anguish; and then there came one exceedingly bitter cry that gradually resolved itself into a thunderous groan; and then there was absolute silence again, and absence of motion. Presently every one became aware of a figure in strange habiliments that stood erect and imposing upon the temple ruin. Afterwards some declared that, in the very height of the storm, they had caught a glimpse of a chariot of ancient form all enveloped in flame, drawn by two horses that emitted flames from their distended nostrils; and that, when they looked again, the vision had vanished, but a man of noble mien stood where it had appeared. Among those who related this improbable story were witnesses of uncommon intelligence and unques-

tionable probity. Nevertheless the incredulous persisted in asking how it happened that a day or two elapsed before the rumor assumed shape. It was one of those cases in which the impartial historian feels himself obliged to record the facts, however difficult of belief or explanation, together with the evidence so far as it can be collected, without venturing to influence his readers in favor of any opinion that might in after years become as unsatisfactory to himself as it would probably be offensive to the more judicious among them.

“Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.” Every ear in all that dripping, disconsolate multitude, away off upon the distant house-tops, upon the hill-sides, down in the ravines, caught each syllable as easily as though it had been spoken within ten feet. The quotation was given first in the original Hebrew, winning thus its way more readily into the hearts of the few who were accustomed to read the Scriptures in their own language. By no means did

it escape notice that, while the pronunciation was that of one who spoke with the freedom of a native when the Hebrews spoke Hebrew, there were variations from all the rules laid down in books or known to scholars, so that the idea suggested itself at once that the speaker had in some mysterious way been familiar with the ancient usages, perhaps in the days of Habakkuk himself. Allowing a brief interval to elapse, the clear, powerful voice spoke out again, reciting the same quotation in English, and carrying the consolation of the understanding to tens of thousands who had been reached before only by the soothing influence of melodious sounds. Some who had caught only an occasional fragment of a psalm given forth by those masters of the musical art, heard with perfect distinctness every word simply spoken, without attempt at cadence of any sort, by the stranger who, to all appearance, had been specially commissioned to comfort Israel in the overwhelming calamity which had almost literally burst upon them from a clear sky. Waiting to let the familiar passage work its way into every heart, the speaker continued with the same distinctness, and with so little apparent effort that those nearest to him felt as though he were conversing with them :

“Brothers of the stock of Abraham, you are crushed under the sudden calamity which has fallen upon you. Yet look around you. Who has been injured? Saw you ever a more fearful storm? Were the elemental forces ever more thoroughly unchained? Who among you has ever encountered more violent winds? Where is the tree that, a half hour since, stood so majestic on yonder spot, gigantic, vigorous, sound to the core? I see nothing but a stump, six feet in diameter, the top almost as even as though the most expert ax-man had been at work upon it. The blast that rent your banners and carried away that tree, has it hurt a hair of all your heads? Never, on mountain peak or the broad bosom of old ocean, in the most tempestuous of high latitudes or where within the tropics the stagnant atmosphere slumberously awaits for months the awful convulsion that shall clarify it, has one of all this multitude witnessed such lightning or heard such thunder as, a few moments since, accompanied the destruction of this temple. How did these closely packed throngs, overcharged with electricity, escape the bolts that lie in wait for dense masses of animate life? Is there then a single soul in all these myriads that has experienced any of the well-known

effects of the lightning's stroke? If such there is, let him speak up. If within a circuit of a mile from where I stand, one person has been injured in the slightest degree by wind or by electricity, let the fact be proclaimed. What is it you say? There is none? I knew it.

"Now what is this? Here is a most awful and most unexpected convulsion of the elements: it passes you by with no worse infliction than a thorough wetting; and it falls upon the temple, and leaves it a hopeless wreck. Most seriously and most soberly, what is this but the finger of God? Is it not said that, except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost that build it? Why should I exult in your misery, gloat over your disappointment? Am I not as you are, one of yourselves, an Hebrew of the Hebrews, exceedingly zealous for the law of the God of our fathers? What pleasure can I find in adding to your disappointment? Shall I twit you with the rivers of gold that have flowed forth from the rich man's treasured hoard, and from the poor man's scanty savings, as freely as the waters of the Jordan in time of flood, to construct and beautify the sanctuary of your God? Shall I recount in contemptuous strain the devices that have been tried with truly wonderful faith, pa-



tience, and perseverance, to overcome obstacles that might easily have discouraged the boldest? Or shall I mock at the ceaseless, fervent, trustful prayers that have ascended, as grateful incense to the throne of Israel's God, ever since the work began to be contemplated? He were no Jew who could fail to sympathize with every step of such an undertaking. Yet listen to me, my brothers. I knew what the result would be. I foretold, time and again, to some of the most respected among you that nothing but disaster could come from your attempts. These men are here, and I call upon them to declare whether I speak the truth or not. There is a learned and excellent rabbi, known to most of you, let him say how the fact stands. You see that he admits the truth of my statement. I thank him. Ah! There is another, who stands up in his seat to add his testimony. A third! A fourth! I thank you all: that will suffice. What I have said, I repeat thus publicly: 'You cannot build the temple as you have designed'

"Yet it is within your power to erect a most beautiful house to the glory of the Lord. You have only to hearken to me, and you will find as much ease as you now encounter difficulty. It is my expectation to see your fondest hopes

more than realized, and, in order that they may be, I am here to address you in the midst of your grief and woe. I wish to encourage, not discourage, you.

“ That there may be no possibility of mistake, I desire to inquire of you, What have your most venerated doctors taught you concerning a forerunner of the Messiah? Have you not very generally been educated in the belief that there will be such a herald, and that he will be the very Elijah who was borne upwards in the chariot of fire? Am I right? I see that I am. Your assent is readier than I expected. After what manner, then, have you been accustomed to represent to your imaginations this prophet, restored to life, and executing the appointed office of forerunner? You all have a tolerably correct mental picture of the prophet of old as he stood before Ahab. His size, form, figure, his raiment, about these your ideas are substantially correct. How do you suppose he would look, should he return now? Is there any ground for attaching wings to his sides, or for transforming his body into the shadowy semblance of one proper to the popular conception of a ghost? Why should any one insist upon his countenance’s shining with celestial light? Remember that Elijah did

not die, but was transported into the other world still a living, breathing man. Why, then, should he not have continued such during the long interval of his sojourn in that blissful abode, and reappear on earth very much the same sort of a being as when he left it?

“As to the time of his coming, that has always been uncertain, but, in the universal apprehension of the learned and the unlearned, closely associated with the gathering of the people in their own land and the building at Jerusalem of a sanctuary worthy to cover the site of the one destroyed by the Babylonians. Such an epoch is now at hand. Most surprisingly have the descendants of Jacob been caused to assemble in the Holy Land, and the last of a long series of attempts to rebuild the temple has just reached a most abrupt conclusion. Is it not the time designated for the appearance of the harbinger of eternity's dawn? What I have further to say to you, you will not easily credit, but, after long conferences with your leading men, the hour has come that I should speak out plainly, here upon the ruins of your late hopes.” He paused one instant, while his eye swept the mighty assembly with a glance that drew to it the gaze of every one. His voice sank, and grew awful in its solemnity,

every tone nevertheless distinctly audible in the outskirts of the throng. "Brothers, I have asked you to consider how Elijah would appear: I now ask you," he said, stretching out his hands appealingly towards the breathless congregation, "to look upon me." They could not choose but do so, nor, as they looked, could they fail to be struck by what they saw, the form of majesty, the countenance of restful strength. "The humblest of the servants of the Lord am I, not worthy even to be despised for His Name's sake; and yet, three thousand years ago, He showed himself to me at Horeb; three thousand years ago, He fed me by the ravens; three thousand years ago, He overturned by my hand the altar of Baal on Carmel's height, and slew the four hundred and fifty prophets. I am Elijah." Then, as the vast assembly waited breathlessly: "I have spoken. You are utterly exhausted. Dear brothers and sisters of the chosen people, and all ye of this vast throng, seek your places of sojourn, and reflect upon what I have said. At some future time, when Jehovah wills, let me impart to you what further He directs me to declare or advise. Fare you well, and the blessing of God be with you."

"Amen!" resounded from countless breasts,

while there was no head but bent in reverence. When they looked up, he who had so greatly, so wonderfully moved them was gone.

Not many days later, an audience variously estimated at from ten to twenty thousand persons came together to hear what the wonderful stranger would advise about the temple. As might have been expected, they differed greatly in opinion concerning him, some loudly ridiculing his claim to being the veritable Elijah, and many boldly declaring their full conviction that the old prophet had indeed come back to earth ; but it was noticeable that unbelief and doubt had very little to say for themselves in the presence of that commanding form. On this occasion, Elijah had not uttered ten words before incredulity vanished as though the earth had swallowed it. It was not a weakness on his part to begin with reminiscences of his previous life on earth, for the familiarity which he manifested with everything belonging to those times, the light which he was constantly throwing upon dark places in the Scriptures, and the deep emotion with which he dwelt upon those bygone scenes and incidents, carried conviction that was perfectly irresistible at least while that most wonderful of voices filled the air with a combination of sound,

sense, and true feeling such as no ear there listening had heard before. The orator's almost invincible tendency was to speak his mind without restraint, and the evidentness of this constituted one of the greatest charms of his oratory ; but he was often checked by a desire not to declare the real aim of his speech before their minds had been prepared by all possible means for counsel quite opposed to their prejudices, and by the necessity of shunning lines of argument or illustration which would have led up to secrets of the other world forbidden to this.

One passage in a long address which held the attention of the vast assembly for hours, must be noticed : " Since my translation from earth, there has been one epoch that agitated Sheol in all its length and breadth. As we had wandered up and down in those regions, we had often passed along the confines of a territory that drew us with a strong attraction. There were gates through which we could catch ravishing glimpses of delights with which we would fain have refreshed ourselves, but a flaming sword in constant motion, stationed there at the expulsion of the sinful human pair, securely kept those gates. Yet we spoke among ourselves of a promise that some day the entrance should be unbarred.

There came a time when spirits, constantly arriving under the escort of the Death-angels with the latest tidings from the world of living men, told of events that made us shudder. The faces of the angels, flying by us on their way to God's eternal throne, wore an expression akin to dismay. A tremor shot through the world of the dead, and seized every soul in it. Instantly an ethereal light pervaded Sheol, and a form of benignant majesty, not unattended, appeared standing near those fast-closed gates. Every eye was upon Him as He advanced towards that brandished sword of flame and made the sign of the cross. Recognizing the appointed token, it moved aside obediently, and left the passage free. He turned towards our eager throng and beckoned us to follow. At that instant we heard an innumerable choir of angels shout as only triumphant angels can: 'Lift up your head, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.' Hardly had they ceased when, with one impulse taking up the psalm, we replied, learning the meaning of the inspired words as we sang them: 'Who is the King of glory? It is the Lord, strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.' Again the sweet voices, now hovering over us, called

upon the gates to admit the King ; and again were we moved to ask the question, ‘ Who is the King of glory ? ’ A moment we paused, and then the arches of Sheol rang again with our glad acknowledgment of the Presence before us as that of One who was, not only captain of the armies of Israel, but supreme over all the hosts of Heaven, over the angels of the planets and all the stars, over the archangels who marshal the battalions of winged warriors before the throne of Omnipotence : ‘ Even the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.’ Forthwith the gates swung open, and we passed in most joyously behind our Leader. Then we stood in half-circles before Him while He spoke to us unutterable things, with a countenance from which patient suffering had hardly died away, and in a voice that might almost have said, ‘ I thirst.’ Soon He moved to the borders of Paradise and told amazing tidings to multitudes who stood without, and, not content so, He passed out to those beyond, speaking most comforting words. I particularly marked that He went to a group who stood afar, weighed down with despondency as having incurred the implacable wrath of the Almighty in that awful time when Noah cried aloud to a mocking world to save themselves



from impending destruction. We knew then who this was. We recognized the Son of God triumphant over death. We adored. We adored the eternal Son of the eternal Father sacrificed, as Isaac was not, but alive forevermore, and soon to sit down, in His human nature, at the right hand of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, whence He will presently descend in the form of man, to assemble Jew and Gentile before His great white throne, and pronounce upon them a righteous sentence from which there will be neither appeal nor escape. We made no mistake. He is worthy of adoration. In your temple you must worship Him, or it will not stand, it cannot even be built; 'For other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.'

"Children of Abraham, sons of the covenant, brothers of Israel, fellow-zealots for the law, the time for concealment is past, speak out I must. Not less a Jew than when I called down fire from heaven and consumed the two companies of fifty, I tell you, not that modern Christians are right in all things, but that Jesus of Nazareth will judge you from the clouds of heaven, and that the responsibility for what is amiss in Christianity as held and practised now rests, in great

measure, upon our nation, because we rejected Him both before and after His crucifixion under Caiaphas. Will you join me in an effort to build, on the site of this ruin, a Church to the Crucified God? I see that you will; so much is revealed by your faces. Let us proceed at once, and begin with a thanksgiving for His unspeakable mercy in bringing us to this mind."

Many scoffed, some opposed, not a few of that very audience, carried away by the magnetic eloquence of the orator, or unable to resist the current of popular opinion, speedily turned again and became bitter opponents; but the movement could not be checked, and a great jubilee was held, before many months, over a most magnificent Church, built on the exact spot, so far as could be ascertained, on which the original Temple had stood. It had its peculiarities, this Christian Temple. To the great surprise of many, its ritual was exceedingly simple. Elijah had pointed out that, however gorgeous may have been the high-priest's robes in ministering before the people, they were pure white when that dignitary went into the inner sanctuary; to which statement he added the reminder that the veil had been done away in Christ. The music was remarkably fine, but never was

the aim lost sight of that it should be *understood* by the people. The worship was decidedly sacramental and sacerdotal. After having been without a priesthood, actively ministrant at least, for two thousand years of exile, they received the apostolic ministry, deriving its authority in unbroken succession from Christ Himself, with the deepest thankfulness and the warmest appreciation. Thoroughly convinced that all power to act for God must be derived from Him and be capable of satisfactory proof, they could not think of tolerating, at the altar or the font or in the pulpit, any person whose right to officiate in the name of the Lord could not be demonstrated to their entire satisfaction. Strict discipline was administered, in absolute disregard of the immense likelihood that a suspended member would revert to Judaism. *Discipline the notorious offender, and purge the congregation from his guilt ; trust in God, and He will defend us :* such was the motto of a Church, not unworthy of James the Just, of Cyril, or of Sophronius, not unworthy of an Elijah as its prophet.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A FASHIONABLE SERVICE INTERRUPTED.

IT was said commonly that there was no city in the world like New York, the commercial capital of a nation of more than two hundred and fifty million English-speaking people, and, since the completion of the Nicaraguan canal, the trade-centre of the whole world. After that event had united the two oceans by a route so much shorter than the older one through southern seas, it became immediately evident that the star of empire had again moved westward. With its splendid harbor and immense system of communications by water and rail with the interior, New York easily distanced every rival, growing with unexampled rapidity. Once hemmed in by its two great rivers, it now utilized these as the principal highways of transit from the business portion to those in which the residences lay, improvements

in navigation having enabled boats to ply between distant points at twice the speed attainable in the Nineteenth Century.

If the city had undergone such expansion, the English Church had not lost the visible prominence which belonged to it in the good old days when Trinity dominated Wall Street and lower Broadway, the sober edifice of St. Paul's stemmed the tide of traffic between two great markets with its silent reminder that in its walls used to worship the patriarch of Mt. Vernon, and the white spire of Grace church lifted itself in the bend of the chief thoroughfare, holding the eye of the traveler for a mile and a half of northward journeying between two almost unbroken rows of palaces dedicated to commerce. On a commanding eminence in the heart of this enormous metropolis, the first half of the Twentieth Century had erected a cathedral not unworthy to occupy its proud position ; and not far from this new St. Peter's were to be seen many other buildings suitable for the vicinity, prominent among which were the noble structures of the foremost university in America, if not in the world, an educational institution of the highest order and most extended range, in which the plastic mind of youth was taught, under the

wise guidance of a truly catholic Church, to recognize the written as distinctly as the unwritten law of God.

Other churches there were in abundance, bearing witness to the piety or to the pride of the great capital. A notable one reared its imposing front on a wide, well-shaded avenue which was considered to be the up-town representative of the Fifth Avenue so famous in the Nineteenth Century. It was a very large and most elegant structure, and was often alluded to as an attempt to reproduce Milan's incomparable cathedral. In it gathered a vast congregation, wealthy, fashionable, exclusive, attracted by the double charm of choir and pulpit. The organist was a very celebrated doctor of music, receiving an almost incredible salary, and the choir was composed of the most expensive vocalists obtainable for money; no expense being spared to maintain St. Bardolph's reputation as the church in all the city in which one was sure to hear the finest music. The rector was accomplished in the art of saying nothing eloquently. In his preaching the offense of the cross had ceased: it was all roses and no thorns; or rather, the thorns were for other people, the roses for his congregation. Under him the wealthy sinner could listen to

resonance and rhetoric as much as he cared for, and then go home to his sumptuous repast with no thought but that he and his belonged to the elect of eternity, and that the chief difference between this life and the next would be that hereafter he should have angels to wait upon him instead of lackeys. He was a most popular preacher, with drawing powers considered to be an important accessory to those of the soprano and the bass-soloist.

One Sunday morning, shortly before the hour of service, a stranger stepped into the current which was pouring through the main entrance of St. Bardolph's. He was a man of goodly presence and of singularly open and pleasing countenance, his dress was plain but of good texture and excellent fit, and he was absolutely without ornament. An usher looked him over critically, saw unmistakable indications that he was a clergyman, concluded therefore to condone the lack of luster and diamonds, and showed him to a good seat in the middle aisle. Just before the opening voluntary was ended, the pews not yet being half-full, a somewhat awkward-looking stranger walked up the middle aisle glancing now and then to this side or that in search of a seat. Evidently he shrank from entering a pew

without an invitation. In vain he went up the whole length of the church, in vain he turned and passed down a third of the same distance. He bore the marks of being a mechanic of the higher grades; his face was darkened by unavoidable contact with oil and smoke, his hands were large and horny, his clothing unexceptionable, but rather coarse and ill-made. He was a sober, honest, thoughtful father of a family, who earned his living by the sweat of his brow. He was not of the class that frequented St. Bartholomew's. The general intention seemed to be that he should be made to feel how much of an intruder into polite society he was; but, when he reached the pew in which sat our clerical acquaintance, the latter rose, beckoned to the offending mechanic, and prepared to surrender his own seat to him. Perceiving this design, the owner of the pew touched the clergyman on the sleeve, and whispered, "If you are not going to occupy the seat yourself, sir, pardon me, but I am expecting other members of my family who will quite fill the pew." With a profound bow, the minister passed out of the pew, laid a hand on the embarrassed stranger, caught sight of some camp-stools piled at the head of the aisle, and led him towards them. Taking two,



he opened and placed them, motioned his companion to seat himself on one, and occupied the other himself. This transaction hardly escaped the notice of any one in the whole church, large as it was.

The elaborate service proceeded as far as the psalter for the day. The assistant read his verse well enough perhaps, and then our clerical friend responded in a rather low tone, because he wished to see what the custom was. There was an almost inaudible murmur throughout the stately edifice, nothing being distinguishable but a scramble to finish first. The assistant then took up the third verse before the second could have been read half-through in a proper manner. Seeing how the matter stood, our friend let his voice out a little on the fourth verse and went quietly along, with the result that the assistant reached the end of the fifth nearly as soon as he did of the previous one. Undisturbed, our friend, feebly supported by his companion, immediately began the sixth verse and read it deliberately to the end in a voice fully as loud as that of the assistant. The contest might have been a doubtful one, by reason of the advantage of position held by the officiating clergyman, had it continued so; but at the eighth verse another

voice struck in, deep, rich, penetrating, and exceedingly powerful. The officiating clergyman began, hesitated, found himself completely drowned down, stopped short, waited until the response had been terminated, and then began again. That was decisive: thenceforth the responsive parts of the service were rendered with a heartiness and a reverentialness of which St. Bardolph's had known nothing in all its history, the two powerful voices being by no means left to themselves when once their triumph had been established.

After the second lesson had been read, a vestryman pompously strode up the aisle, to the occupants of the two camp-stools, and offered to seat them in the pews. The clergyman peremptorily declined on behalf of them both, saying that they were comfortable enough where they were and preferred staying there. The official repeated his invitation in the tone of one who means it to be understood as mandatory. The clergyman repeated his declension. The vestryman, a broad-shouldered, thick-set man, accustomed to having his directions obeyed, and usually prompt in enforcing them when not heeded, stared at the obstinate stranger and slightly moved an arm as though about to seize him by

the collar with a view to forcible ejection. The other met his gaze, so that for a moment or two they confronted each other: that was enough for the layman, who retired discomfited.

It was a traditional requirement of the style of churchmanship to which St. Bardolph's belonged that at least one of the hymns should be sung to a simple tune. Nevertheless the choir was accustomed to monopolize the singing. The arrangement was that the leading soprano should have the first stanza all to herself. Great was her indignation at hearing two strong male voices carrying their parts, in total disregard of her exclusive title, and utterly unabashed at discovering that all the rest of the congregation were assilent as the grave. At the end, her lips white with rage, she glanced appealingly at the great basso for revenge. Thrown upon his mettle, this man of lungs, and throat, and fame, concluded to husband his resources. The next stanza was to be his. He opened very moderately, and swelled out louder and louder as he felt himself contending ineffectually with the volume of sound that was rolling upward from the body of the church. One marvelous bass voice thundered so melodiously that it could

have been sung down as easily as the roar of the ocean in a storm. Beside himself with shame and fury, the professional basso stopped, the organ almost immediately became silent too. This threatened to be very awkward ; but a clear clerical voice instantly changed to the air, singing true and in perfect time, while that glorious bass followed in a manner that made every one forget even that the organ was not heard. An enraged warden meanwhile discovering the chief offender, or rather, the one whose singing was the most notable, advanced towards him, and demanded, after a fashion not very appropriate to the occasion, that he should cease to disturb the choir and the congregation by rendering himself so excessively audible. The singer, a man of mighty physique and most imposing appearance, merely turned upon him a look of mild surprise,—and sang. The poor warden sprang back as though a lion had suddenly roared at him, put his palms tightly over his ears, and retreated in disorder. Other people too shrank back affrighted in their pews. Probably an involuntary burst of indignation had given unintended power to the tones that produced such dismay ; but, however that may have been, no further attempt was made to moderate a zeal

which was certainly unexampled in that most decorous church.

When the time came for the hymn before the sermon, there were two in the congregation who took care that it should not be omitted merely on account of the defection of the hired musicians. The numbers of the hymns being posted in various conspicuous places, two hymnals were opened at the proper page, and while the rector was preparing to ascend into the pulpit, two men rose to their feet and struck up a familiar tune. Hundreds were up and singing with a will before they had time to think what an unprecedented thing they were doing. The infection spread. By the time the second stanza was reached almost every one was up, and thousands of voices was swelling the great volume of praise on which souls were being upborne as they never before had been in that costly sanctuary.

The rector now appeared in front of the sounding board, and the congregation settled themselves comfortably in their pews, presumably to listen, really, as respected most of them to pass into a mentally semi-comatose condition. This was evident to any shrewd observer. At the close many doubtless could have described certain passages which had pleased them, and even

have given some idea of what they supposed he was preaching about. Also, many during its delivery experienced the sentiment of admiration, or of pity, or of gentle regret, or of mild hopefulness. The vast majority however, it could be seen at a glance, were scheming, or dreaming, or approaching as near to the total cessation of mental action as is possible without loss of consciousness. Words, and to some extent ideas, flowed through their heads in a continuous stream, constituting just that pretense of employment which the idle love. That was what they desired, that was the charm of the learned doctor's eloquence. Anything else they would have resented as an impertinence. Had the preacher been so ill-advised as to have entertained the thought that some in that immense church would never see another Lord's Day, and were little prepared for the awful change, and had he spoken as though he had a message to such which it behooved them to heed, they might, indeed, have listened to him, but it would have been under protest, and with the impatience of a man whose hour for slumber has arrived, and who is duly sensible of that fact. The rector was guilty of no such indiscretion ; he had no message for anybody, and knew that he had

none. He had nothing to do with sinners, for how could such find themselves among the well-dressed, highly-respectable frequenters of an aristocratic church? His business was chiefly to minister to their somnolence, and next to put them more at ease with themselves.

The language was Miltonesque prose, with the fine critical sense, the deep penetration of intellect, and the fire of restrained passion left out. There was a regular procession of argument stated with all the precision of the syllogism, disguised in an elaboration of verbiage and a redundancy of illustration, that did infinite credit to his invention and memory, but unfortunately hid the subject-matter, not only from his auditors, but from himself most of all. The lame and impotent conclusions at which he arrived were tolerated and even belauded, because they were no more lame and impotent than the endings to which so many human lives come, sooner or later. It was a most comforting sermon, doubtless, that officially and grandiloquently informed the good people of St. Bardolph's that the correct treatment for their consciences, on the rare occasions when these showed symptoms of malignant unrest, was to administer a hypodermic injection of morphine in narcotic doses.

This particular discourse was a beatification of Christianity, for having emancipated man from the offensive and oppressive class distinctions of the ancient world, and set him on the footing of an universal brotherhood. The spirit of caste was doomed in a progressive age, he told them, and was sure to disappear, even as it had been declining for countless ages. Buddha had hastened its downfall, and Christ had very greatly accelerated its utter overthrow. Genuine Christianity had always promoted equality and fraternity, as well as liberty, and it was that, rather than Rosseau, that had given to modern republicanism the impulse which had resulted, first, in the most deplorable, but inevitable, outburst of the French Revolution, and then in the establishment upon a stable basis of those free institutions that made existence in the Twenty-first Century so much more desirable than ever before. He affirmed that all invidious distinctions had passed away. No longer were the paths of promotion open only to the infinitesimal number of Fortune's favorites, whom the mere accident of birth had designated as the irresponsible leaders of their fellow-men. At the expense of a very moderate degree of self-restraint, frugality and industry would speedily enable the



poorest to obtain a competence, and even to ride in his coach with the best. The gifts of Fortune were, and always would be, variously distributed, but no one could say that the needy were left uncared for, or that one man had more rights in public conveyances, in hotels, before the bar of justice, or at the polls, than another. The churches were for all alike. If some congregations were composed mainly of the very rich, others were made up so exclusively of those in quite moderate circumstances that the opulent would feel themselves as much out of place in them, as the day-laborer would in the former ; and in all there was the same liturgy to be enjoyed, good music, and admirable preaching. Here surely was the truest equality. Now the speaker warmed up decidedly. He raised his voice with splendid cadence, gesticulated with graceful force, and indulged in a rhetorical device of which he had not foreseen the consequences. It was a favorite method of his to challenge denial and pause for a reply. The effect upon the hearers was almost invariably to be traced in after-sermon compliments. So he exclaimed : " Who can dispute the appositeness, the correctness, the indisputable verity of the truths which I have been laboring to expound ?

Who fails to be deeply impressed by the glorious equalization of our fellow-beings under the benign influences of the religion which was founded by a carpenter's son? Look at our splendid churches, with which the generosity of wealthy souls has adorned our goodly city! Are they not the homes of the poor as well as of the rich, of the poorest as much as of the richest? Are they not open to all, with a hearty welcome to all the privileges to be found in them? Who can say that one is favored before another, or made to feel as though he were less a child of his Heavenly Father? This is my interrogatory. I desire a rejoinder, a replication. I suspend for a brief moment the progress of a discourse which approximates its conclusion to afford an opportunity for the adversary to join issue. I pause for a reply."

A pause intended to be purely rhetorical was broken by a voice, too powerful for even the well-trained speaker to entertain the thought of ignoring it while he proceeded with his discourse, and coming from a man of too commanding a presence for the employment of violent means of reducing him to silence. The stranger spoke with exceeding mildness and courtesy, and

at the same time with such fearless firmness that every ear listened with rapt attention:—

“Although a stranger to your city and to your customs, I am still sufficiently well aware that no reply is expected; and yet I should be paying your honored rector a very poor compliment, if I supposed that he did not at all mean what he said; that his invitation to speak out, and declare an opposite opinion if decidedly held by any one, had in it no genuineness whatever. Conceiving that the occasion warrants, perhaps demands, this wide departure from the ordinary course, and presuming a little, it may be, upon the privileges accorded in most nations to an age not inferior, I am sure, to that of any other here present, I venture to raise my voice among you, and to ask your close attention to a brief statement which will constitute the greater part of what I have to say. Between theory and practice there is often a great discrepancy, little suspected by those most deeply concerned, but not shorn of its noxious qualities by their unconsciousness. It may be little credit to a spectator that he can detect the pernicious incongruity, but it must reflect grave discredit upon him that he should neglect to point it out when good opportunity is Providentially

afforded him. Far be it from me to abuse the hospitality of this congregation, but I humbly conceive that, after all, this is God's house, in which all His children should feel equally at home. I, therefore, stand up here, to exercise the freedom of a son towards other sons of the great Father, although I am unknown to them by face or name. I wish to draw the attention of you all to an incident that occurred here this morning under the eyes of the whole congregation, though, I must believe, unnoticed by you, sir, whose urgent and repeated invitation has called me to my feet. What was the reason, let me ask, that a stranger this morning passed up and down the central aisle of this church without obtaining a seat or so much as the offer of a seat? Was there lack of room? There were empty seats, whole pews empty. Was he unobserved? The eyes of hundreds were upon him. Was it doubtful what his object was? When he turned and came down the aisle, courtesy surely would not have been strained in testing that object by requesting him to accept a seat. Was he in any way a dangerous character? He fell under the observation of scores of shrewd business men who recognized him at once as a plain, honest, intelligent mechanic whom they would

be glad to employ in case they needed the work at which he is skilled. Why then was every one blind to his evident want, every one except a stranger, who advanced to his rescue, and has since shared his banishment? There is but one solution of the mystery, at least so far as the penetration of a foreigner can go ; and that solution is a flat contradiction of what we have been told this morning is one of the distinguishing principles of the Christian faith, that all men are equal in the brotherhood of Christ. Glaring as is this contradiction, however, I greatly fear that it was hardly perceived by ten persons out of the thousands here who witnessed the incident, and have listened to the sermon, notwithstanding that the former was made peculiarly impressive by the subsequent open and firm refusal of the two exiles to accept a tardy and ungracious hospitality." The grand voice sank, yet without failing to reach the dullest sense in the remotest corner, and grew inconceivably impressive as it went on :—" Did the Son of the carpenter of Nazareth see occasion to show himself on earth now, would He not appear clad just like our brother on whom we have turned the cold shoulder this day?" The pointed question brought a hush on even that assembly such as

had never paid tribute to the oratory of that costly and elegant pulpit. Lower yet, but thunderous with suppressed emotion, came the next words ;—" Have we not, in actual fact, turned our backs upon that carpenter's Son himself, this very morning? ' Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' "

Here was a predicament for an unfortunate preacher, a congregation almost actually looking upon the sad face of the Son of man retiring newly rejected down the main aisle of their boasted church, and perhaps preparing to return with the knotted cords of a fresh purgation, and he unable to say one word to comfort them or justify himself; for this famous orator preached only from manuscript, and dared not trust himself to utter one unpremeditated sentence, and thereby hazard the loss of reputation by using some form of speech not strictly Miltonesque or at least Johnsonese. In all his life he had never done such a thing; he would not begin now; he hated straightforwardness as he hated nothing else. Besides, of all the individuals in that holy edifice, great and small, high and low, saint and sinner, he was the only one unimpressed by the solemn words of the stranger. Inwardly fuming at an interruption bad enough in itself, but par-

ticularly exasperating as following the other episodes of the morning, he had stood waiting his chance to take up the thread of his discourse and proceed as if nothing had intervened. So, the moment he could hope to be heard, he resumed, reading from his written page with what semblance of spirit he could summon up; and almost immediately was launched again on his wonted stream of oratory, and sailing along to all appearance as smoothly as though he were not conscious that no one took in the sense of a word he said.

When the congregation rose after the benediction, our two friends who had been seated in the aisle walked down it side by side, admiring casually the more striking features of the beautiful church as these fell under their observation, but lost in thought over the strange incidents which had so lately and so unexpectedly brought them into such undesired prominence. Having once gained the street, the clergyman turned to his companion, and remarked that, if the latter would allow him, he would accompany him a few blocks in whatever direction he might be going. The conversation, after they had escaped from the stream of worshipers by going down a by-street, was opened by the clergyman's expressing

great regret at the very cold reception the other had met with, and adding the hope that he would not suppose all churches to be quite as bad as the one from which they had just emerged. To this the other replied :—

“It was, in a great measure, sir, my own fault. I could, another time, avoid such embarrassment by waiting at the door until one of the ushers noticed me. I would, of course, be given a seat somewhere, after a while. The fact is that I grew tired of waiting, especially as my pride rather revolted at seeing others noticed and myself passed by, and rashly decided to seek a place by throwing myself upon the courtesy of the congregation. But, sir, I cannot sufficiently thank you for your courageous kindness in coming to the rescue, when, I am sure, you clearly foresaw the consequences.”

“Nothing at all, my dear sir, nothing at all but the commonest act of Christian courtesy. It was duty, my plain duty, to do as I did, and I would have felt eternally disgraced had I allowed you, sir, to go wandering on down that aisle in your loneliness. I am afraid even that I did not think so much of your discomfort as of the indelible disgrace our holy religion would have suffered had a worshiper been repelled



from God's house, as you would have been had you gone on and out without the offer of a place for the sole of your foot to rest upon. Leaving to one side the thought of your unpleasant experience, I will frankly confess that I am very glad of the opportunity to teach that church a lesson it sorely needed. For myself, of course, I am used to publicity and pledged to preach the gospel in every way that is open to me. I have no more hesitation about setting forth important truth to that congregation by sitting in the aisle, or by responding with reverent deliberation, than by standing in the pulpit and preaching. With you I came near saying it is different, but surely every Christian is pledged to maintain the faith by open confession, whenever and wherever occasion presents itself. However retiring a layman may be by habit and disposition, however little he may be accustomed to confronting a crowd of people, and however painful the experience may be while it lasts, I am confident that no true man can bear witness for the Master whom he loves with grateful loyalty and deep reverence without being rewarded by an inward satisfaction that will not easily pass away and be forgotten."

"You are eminently correct," replied the

other, with the earnestness and quiet decision of one who had learned in the great school of life to be independent and fearless, who had contemplated the mercies of the Lord until his heart had opened to an appreciation of his own indebtedness, and who had come to know so well how to obtain strength for the hour of need that he could be trusted in an emergency. "Now that it is all over, I too am glad that it has happened, and I ardently hope that some good may come of it. I am a good Churchman, as were my father and my father's fathers before me. At home I am rather active in our little church, and have held for a number of years the office of warden. I have the welfare of the whole Church at heart, and would gladly bear much to advance its interests ever so little. Deeply as I love the Church, and fully as I am convinced of the soundness of her divine claims, I cannot blind myself to the many reforms that are loudly called for, and without which it is manifest she cannot rise to the occupancy of her true position in this broad land and throughout the world. If we have to-day done ever so little to further a reform or two, I shall be more than glad, especially as I have had the pleasure and honor of being so nobly championed as I was, in the first place, by

you, sir, and later, by that wonderful orator. Did you ever hear anything equal to that brief speech, so concise, so apposite, so pointed, so frank, so telling?"

"That speech! Two hours ago nothing could have persuaded me of the possibility of making an impression upon that congregation; and, now that it is a thing of the past, I can hardly believe that I have not been dreaming. I have heard many distinguished orators in the pulpit and out of it, but none that approached the owner of that incomparable voice. The moment he struck into the responses, I recognized the wonderful qualities of that voice. I could hardly refrain from glancing around to have a look at my most able ally. I felt at once that it would carry the day, that all resistance to it would be futile. A voice like that should be world-renowned. The venerable gentleman ought to be a clergyman, but does not seem to be. A professional singer could hardly make such an address. He may be, it would seem as if he must be, some distinguished judge, or senator, or perchance governor, but *who* passes conjecture. To him, whoever he is, we owe, under God, the victory. I would give much to meet him. Probably the newspapers to-morrow will give us full particu-

lars. By the way, how is it that they have not accosted us yet, those reporting fiends? Either they have all run after him, or else they have been interviewed, and heavily bribed to keep the whole story out of the papers. However, neither of us will escape. They will ferret us out wherever we hide. I am an old hand, and I don't imagine they will get much satisfaction out of me; but perhaps you are not quite so well accustomed to their inquisitorial proceedings, and will pardon the suggestion that absolute silence will give them the least of all possible chances to misrepresent you, or the cause for which we contend."

"You may rely upon me to deal even with cosmopolitan reporters. You may depend upon it, sir, that no manufacturer or business-man of any prominence at all, in this age of the world, can well avoid coming into contact with these enterprising gentry, or learning to protect himself from them. I believe that I should turn this corner, sir. Well, sir, if your road lies that way, let me give you my card, and thank you again for your kindness, which I appreciate better than I can express. Good-day, sir."

The reverend gentleman strolled along leisurely, not being quite decided what course he

should follow, when a quick step was heard behind him, and a hand was laid kindly, but not too familiarly on his shoulder. Looking sidewise in expectation of seeing the gentlemanly representative of some leading journal, he beheld the very man of his thoughts and speculations! It was not an ordinary meeting, that between these two remarkable men, who had been brought that day into such close relations of mutual support. They stood and gazed at each other in perfect silence, intuitively perceiving each the kindredness of the other's spirit, and rejoicing over the discovery with a joy too deep for utterance. Instinctively they clasped hands, and in the warmth of their feelings, closed upon each other with stronger and stronger grasp. The friendly greeting grew into an unacknowledged trial of muscular power, that was abandoned as soon as the effort became too much a conscious one, but not before the thought had crossed the mind of each that never before had he met indications of such great strength. An answering smile of satisfaction sat upon each countenance, and deepened while they stood regarding each other in the same silence.

“Excuse me, gentlemen, but are you not the distinguished strangers who took such promin-

ent parts in St. Bardolph's to-day? I saw you there, and took great interest in the course you followed. I was deeply impressed by the remarks you made, sir. Now just a moment, if you will allow me to inquire your names, and where you hail from. I represent the New York 'Gossip.'" The voice came from a well-dressed man of high-bred demeanor, with gold-rimmed spectacles, who held note-book and pencil ready to take down an item. He had not finished before another note-book was displayed, and then another voice said, "I have the honor to represent the 'Truth.'" "And I report for the 'Wide-awake,'" exclaimed a third. No less than a score of the fraternity had scented the prey, and sprung out of the void. Annoyed and yet amused, our friends quietly stood listening and eying them. After the clamor had died away, and the stillness begun to grow oppressive, the clergyman replied;—

"Well, gentlemen, you have exercised your liberty of inquiring, and we will exercise our liberty of declining to answer. Good-day, gentlemen."

*In chorus.* "But it is necessary that our papers should know something about you. We will not detain you more than a moment or two.

We must find out about you, and you will only be saving us a great amount of useless trouble."

"You have our answer, and you will please to consider it final."

*Most insinuatingly.* "Just one moment now. What do you say? What is your friend's name, the name of this gentleman here who made such a telling speech this morning?"

"I have given you our answer. Have the goodness to stand aside and let us pass." So saying with decision, the clerical gentleman took his companion by the arm, and charged the group, who trod upon each other in their haste to clear the path of two such formidable individuals, but closed promptly in their wake, and followed them with the indomitable persistency for which the fraternity is renowned. Without a word, but as if animated by one impulse, the two strode onward, increasing the speed with every step till the swiftest pursuer was obliged to break into a run and the rest stretched out behind in a trail of ever-increasing width and length. It was a curious sight to behold those two fine-looking men walking along easily and unconcernedly, at a rate of not less than six miles an hour, through the broad, straight thoroughfare leading due north from Central Park into Westchester

County, past the most palatial residences of the whole city ; everybody making way for them, and then turning to stare at the rabble of panting pursuers coming on at a dead run. Fifteen or twenty minutes of this work shook off all but the most determined spirits and most expert pedestrians ; thirty minutes left only two or three on the trail ; and three quarters of an hour reduced the chase to one long-limbed, wiry individual who had only lately left the illustrious ranks of letter-carriers, and who now braced his flagging energies with anticipations of a victory which would make his fortune. Hearing the foot-falls, the two intended victims observed that they had reached a less densely peopled district, and simultaneously quickened their pace. At a rate of eight miles an hour, they both observed that they could detect no symptoms of laboring in each other, and so improved on even this rapid gait till they brought the speed up to a good ten miles, and that without making any special effort. They did, however, drop the desultory conversation they had hitherto kept up, and sped along, for the most part, in silence. To look at them walking along so easily and so evenly, few would have supposed that they were doing anything extraordinary. The stride was not noticeably



long, nor was its rapidity as obtrusive as might have been expected. Unquestionably the legs of the walkers did pass each other very rapidly, but that is not what strikes an observer so much in quick marching as the swinging of the arms and the general struggling of the whole body to live up to the pace. Of all this there was absolutely nothing in our friends' case, for their immense lung capacity enabled them to breathe as naturally at that rate of motion as most men could at the low rate of three miles. At the end of an hour they might well feel perfectly secure, and begin to think of taking some refreshment.

A hostelry of cleanly, homelike appearance attracted them, and they easily came to an agreement to test its good qualities. After an attentive and prolonged study of the bill of fare, the clergyman ordered a watermelon, a dish of raw apples, and some bread and butter; whereupon his companion, who had declined to order previously, also called for bread and butter, but added a request for some boiled corn in the ear, an amendment which struck the other so favorably that he called for green corn likewise. To their great satisfaction, they had the dining-room all to themselves so far as guests were concerned, and could therefore talk with some freedom, be-

ing obliged only to moderate the voice so as not to impart too much information to the few officials whose duties required their presence.

There is no reason for withholding further, now that these two old acquaintances of ours are free to engage in a confidential chat, their names, which have doubtless been surmised from the very first by the intelligent reader. Mr. Hilary was the clerical protestant who had gone to the assistance of the strange layman; and the owner of the marvelous voice, the larger and older man, was no less a personage than the ancient "enemy" of King Ahab. As the waiter departed with his orders, Mr. Hilary said jocosely:—

"That waiter will think we are the strangest pair of human creatures whose wants he has ever had to supply at a restaurant. If he knew what a chase we afforded those pertinacious reporters, he would open his eyes wider yet than he did when he had taken in the sense of our orders. For any one who rejects meat, it is often rather difficult to get a substantial meal; but I would prefer going hungry to eating much of the material they would ordinarily put before me. I suspect, sir, that your tastes are not very different from mine. I earnestly trust, though, that

you have not laid aside your own preferences in order to keep me company in the repast."

"By no means, my dear sir. Like yourself, I do not eat everything, and I was very glad to learn, from your greater experience at these places of entertainment, what it would be wisest to select out of the few things on their list that would be at all acceptable. Allow me to inquire, sir, do you never eat flesh? I ask because you seemed to speak so a moment since, and I observed also that you did not order any, notwithstanding the variety of that sort of food which is tendered you. I am particularly interested to know, for you are, if your modesty will pardon my saying so, the strongest and most active man that I have met in many a long year. I did not think there was a man on earth that could have given me that clasp of the hand, or have kept side by side with me in that race for freedom from annoyance. You will excuse my own seeming boastfulness, which I do not know how to avoid."

"Your surmise is correct, sir, I do not eat flesh, nor have my forefathers been flesh-eaters for several generations. I will add that we abstain with equal conscientiousness from the use of all stimulants, that we make it a point to

obey religiously all the laws of health as we understand them. However unusual my strength may be, from such causes or any others, I have the humiliation, nevertheless, this very day, of encountering my superior. I heartily congratulate you, sir, on the possession, at your evidently advanced age, which you do not endeavor to conceal, of such unexampled vigor; and I beg that you will kindly impart the secret, that I too may avoid the decrepitude of eld."

"You have my secret, so far as it is available to mankind in general. My case is a most peculiar one, but, with your permission, we will not speak of that now. I am very anxious to learn of you whether there are many of your persuasion and practice, many men who are actively engaged in the noble work of developing the human race."

"Not so many, it grieves me to say. A few, scattered here and there. My family, with very rare exceptions, adhere strictly to the principles which have become hereditary with us, and we are, I think, making some impression on the community. We have perhaps carried out the principles which are almost identified with us longer and more fully than any other family. To find wives and husbands of the same physique is the

great difficulty, and it is of course an absolute necessity. Fortunately, on the one hand, we no longer find ourselves under bondage to the ancient delusion that the erotic passion is uncontrollable ; and, on the other, we do not, as a rule, feel ourselves drawn towards possible mates whose physical inferiority is so marked. An ordinarily healthy person does not usually, with his eyes open, care to unite himself for life with a confirmed invalid ; and to us, people in general are confirmed invalids. Education has much influence doubtless, and we are all taught, from a very early age, to consider the enormous disadvantages of so many kinds that would accrue from such alliances. In our family the sentiment is so strong that neither man nor woman thinks of marrying any one who has not had hygienic ancestors for two or three generations. For one thing, we thoroughly realize the certainty that the offspring could not hold up their heads with the children of our brothers and sisters. We can not endure the thought of the unfavorable comments which would be made by our mothers and our grandmothers, out of our hearing if not in it, when they noticed the signs of degeneracy for which they would be constantly watching."

"Did then no hygienist ever fall in love with the delicate beauty of an ordinary woman?"

"It has happened. One of my uncles once shocked his family by proposing to such a daughter of Eve and being accepted. One day the lady came to visit at my grandfather's, where all were as kind to her as though there had not been so strong a feeling against her. It was her lot to slip down a stair or two, and receive some slight injury which rendered her temporarily helpless; whereupon, a little girl not more than ten years old, being the only witness of the fall, picked up the grown woman as though she had been a baby, and laid her gently on the sofa. This so humiliated the poor lady that she actually pined away, and died. She evidently was brought by means of that accident to realize something of the disparity between her and my uncle who was thought to have so culpably broken the traditions of the family."

"Do women as readily come over to your ways of thinking as men do, or do they shrink from the restraints of your system?"

"If there is much about our school that repels the daughters of earth, it also presents special and strong inducements to such of them as have had sad and repeated experience of the miseries of

gestation and the pangs of prolonged parturition. Our wives know absolutely nothing of nausea, and except in the way of refraining from severe exertion, pay no heed to the dreaded months of waiting for the wail of infancy. The curse inherited from Eve may occasionally visit them with acute suffering for a brief quarter of an hour, but then all is over, and they would immediately arise, and go about as usual, but for prudential considerations which are enforced by our traditions. I should say, upon the whole, that women come over to us a little more readily than men; and perhaps that is quite the common rule in new movements."

"Are your views of hygiene associated with any peculiar religious ideas? I notice that you are a good conservative Churchman yourself."

"That is the rule in our family. At the same time we are intensely progressive, being of opinion that the race ought to advance morally as well as physically. It seems to us that children should be, not only stronger, but better than their parents, until the limit of human capability is reached. That this limit should be attainable spiritually in one generation is hardly credible, for to suppose that a man converted in middle age should attain before death as high a

standard of right living as a child carefully trained by a mother who prays over his cradle, and by a father who sets him a shining example, does not seem very reasonable ; nor, even if an extraordinary man, under unusual circumstances, should become as perfect a Christian as man can well be, would his children escape the taint of the perverted tendencies under which he was born. Modes of thought and convolutions of brain are not to be corrected in a day, nor in a generation, nor, it may well be, in ten generations. So we think that the average Christian of to-day ought to be a very much better person, a person of far more elevation of soul and strength of character, than the average disciple a hundred years, five hundred years, two thousand years, ago. We are thorough-going Churchmen, and believe that the Church is all right in theory and sound in essential organization ; but we are of opinion, at least I will say, for myself, that I am of opinion, that in point of practice there is much that sadly needs to be reformed. We hold that the Christian's plane of life should be an elevated one, and consider it our duty, not only to reach such a level ourselves, but almost to drag others up to it."

"Have you much hope of accomplishing this?



Do people respond readily to your earnest efforts? Are you sanguine of greater results than to hold the ground, and make some small advances in preparation for the great coming of the Lord?" The question was incisive, probing the clergyman to the very depths, calling for an answer as frank as he would make in his freest conferences with himself, or, if possible, franker, for here was an honest, most friendly hand stretched out to help him out of any sloughs of despondency into which he might have fallen, consciously or unconsciously. The two men sat gazing at each other intently, steadfastly, sympathetically, for a moment or two. Then, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, the elder directed his eyes towards the fruit dish, looked the apples over carefully, chose a large, mellow specimen, and proceeded with great deliberation to cut and eat it. Mr. Hilary meanwhile, answering briefly that he hardly knew, continued to glance with great interest, from time to time, at the fine features of his dignified companion. Indeed, he could hardly keep his eyes off of that noble countenance, which, it is true, he had been studying closely ever since he took his seat opposite to him. Somehow it seemed as though he must recognize him, must have seen him before somewhere.

Suddenly the doubtfulness faded out of the minister's look, and was replaced by an expression of intense surprise. Something in the tone of the questions, suggesting the memory of hard personal struggles against the despondency of apparently fruitless efforts, turned his thoughts towards Elijah. Then came to mind rumors concerning the actual presence and wonderful doings of that renowned prophet in the Holy Land. The stature, the proportions, the long, full beard and the flowing locks, the Jewish cast of countenance, and finally something in the general expression ;—all seemed to designate that ancient prophet as the venerable personage sitting opposite and eating an apple. The joy of the discovery died almost instantly. An expression of deep awe settled down upon a face that probably had never shown fear. He started, dropped his knife and apple upon his plate, half-rose from his chair, bowed his head as a reverent man does in silent prayer, and ejaculated, "Surely it is so. All must be true." The other understood, and looked up. Their eyes met, and were not withdrawn. Conviction deepened in our friend. Then a veil seemed to be lifted from his eyes, enabling them to discern a certain radiance that had never greeted them before on any face of

man or woman however brightly shone the love-light. Worthy to discern, he had discerned. Doubt was gone. Joy and awe held joint possession of Mr. Hilary's noble, open countenance. In silence the meal was hurried through, if such deliberate eaters could ever be said to hurry; and then the clergyman said simply, "Is it your pleasure that we should seek seclusion? I beg that we may do so." Courteously inclining his head, the majestic Jew rose, took his hat and staff, and moved towards the door.

In perfect silence they followed the main thoroughfare northward for a short distance, till their attention was drawn to the open door of a modest church, into which a few persons were entering. Signing to Mr. Hilary, Elijah turned towards the stone steps and ascended them. They were welcomed very quietly, but cordially, by a young man belonging to the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, supplied each with a prayer-book and a hymnal, and given seats in the best pew that was unoccupied. The service soon began, and was exceedingly simple. The minister read naturally and with a good, clear voice; the responses were given quite generally and heartily; the music was such that almost any one could take part in it. Our two friends could not avoid

thinking, many times, how much more enjoyable and edifying such a service was than more pretentious ones can ever be. Their strong, resonant voices attracted only so much notice as that people said to themselves, Here are two clergymen who have stayed in for the afternoon service, and thought little more about them. Sermon time having arrived, the young rector read his text from the lectern, and then stepped quietly forth before the eyes of the whole congregation, and spoke to them as if he really had something to say which he thought it intimately concerned their welfare that they should heed. The subject was well chosen, the thoughts good and well arranged, the language clear and forcible, the manner earnest and unpretending. Our friends listened attentively and without effort. Occasionally the crudities of a young man's theology or philosophy excited an inclination to smile, as he assumed what required demonstration, or demonstrated what was self-evident; when he carefully recited lessons he had learned in the class room without having really assimilated them at all; or if he fervently exhorted the congregation to pursue a course, which a few years more of life's experience would surely teach him the futility or unadvisability of; but the smile died out in-

stantly, quenched in respect for the general soundness of the teaching, and the manifest zealousness, fidelity, and faith of the preacher, who possessed at least so much of eloquence that he caused people to forget him, and think of his teaching, and ponder his advice. At times the speaker seemed almost another being, as he thrilled with the importance of the message he was delivering, or dwelt with impassioned fervor upon the magnitude of the inducements he was authorized to offer, or touched with reverent appreciation upon the mystery of redeeming love. Young he was and inexperienced, but he bore the stamp of a genuine man, and sounded the note of a loyal missionary, full of faith ; and consequently the visiting priest felt his own zeal rekindled, and the venerable prophet consecrated himself afresh to the grand and awful calling which he knew to be his. The youthful rector was the true messenger of the Lord, speaking forth the word of the Lord, by the power of the Lord, and no servant of the Lord could fail to profit from his utterances, except through the listener's own grave fault. The resonant mouthings of learned insincerity have no such virtue.

Refreshed, they stepped forth into the Father's greater house glorious with the soft light of the

declining sun, and still held on their way northward. As they journeyed, they spoke now somewhat, and their topic for a while was the pleasant service and the true preaching of the little church they had just left. Presently they struck off at right angles for the Hudson, and soon stood on a height from which many miles of sparkling water were uninterruptedly visible. They descended a gradual incline to the shore, discovered a pier of some length that was unoccupied, walked to the western end, and sat down facing the glowing orb, whose rays drew down their hats far over their eyes. With that slight protection, they thoroughly enjoyed the bath of sunlight, and rejoiced at finding themselves at last alone. Resolved to improve the opportunity, Mr. Hilary made sure that there was no boat beneath or near the pier, and immediately began :—

“It can be no secret to you, my venerable friend, that I have had a great desire, ever since I first heard your voice in the great church, to know who you are ; nor will you, I am persuaded, blame my curiosity. Have I now, in very truth, come at the wonderful fact ? Do I behold the form that towered above the prophets of Baal on the slope of Mount Carmel, thousands of years

ago? Answer me, I beseech you, and give me the assurance of your voice, that my confident conjecture is not wrong after all. I have read something of wonderful changes that have lately come upon the Jews in their own land, and through all the fictions of the narrators, bewildering and misleading, blasphemous and scurrilous, as they are, I have thought that I could discern the fulfillment of prophecy. Art thou Elijah? Am I allowed to behold thee, thou ancient servant of the Lord? Great, great is my happiness!"

There came no immediate reply. The rising tide rushed noiselessly up the broad river. Sailboats glided silently to and fro, impelled by a gentle breeze from the north of west. Yachts sped briskly along, bearing gay companies. Large excursion parties faintly disturbed the Sabbath quiet with the sound of distant dancing. Awkward oarsmen floundered about in boats they could not manage. Stillness reigned, but its reign was not oppressive. At length Elijah turned slowly towards the patient questioner, and slowly said; "Short as has been our acquaintance, I am most happy that you, my dear young brother, are the first to recognize the stranger from the world of so-called shadows." He said no more for a time, but gazed with

kindly steadfastness upon the fine, open countenance of his companion. Presently a strange light kindled in his eyes, he laid a hand forcibly upon the shoulder of the younger man, and spoke with great solemnity ; “ The nature of my mission is not concealed from you. A similar mission will, if I mistake not, be entrusted to you. Our destinies are linked together. Brother, we shall have need of courage, and strength, and hope, and patience ; but, as I look at you, I think you will not flinch. I pray God you may not, nor I either.” The solemnity, the earnestness, the kindness with which these words were uttered penetrated the whole being of the minister. Speaking of this experience once, in after days, to one of his brothers, he said that he felt first an icy chill as of death, and that this quickly gave place to an ecstasy of joy that seemed to rush upon him like an irresistible tide, which, in its turn, sank down to a placid state of contented happiness in which he could cheerfully wait upon the will of the Lord, whatsoever it might be, or whensoever it might be revealed.

“ And you are still, notwithstanding your immense age and long sojourn among the dead, on the same side of the great border line with myself ?”



"If the great change has passed over me, I was not aware of its transit any more than you have been."

"Is it permitted to inquire where you have been all these years? Have you in the body dwelt with those whose bodies have returned to the ground whence they were taken, or have you passed the time in the wilderness of Horeb, or in the caverns of En-gedi, or in the thickets of Mount Carmel, comforted, as in days of yore, by an occasional vision of the Lord? I do not like to think the latter, it is too lonely a fate for created being."

"Nor need you think it. I may not reveal what is not to be revealed; but this I may tell you, that in Hades, or *Sheol* as the Jews call it, my association with disembodied spirits has been so much on a footing of equality as to leave little to be desired in the way of companionship."

"I desire to pry into nothing which is forbidden or which is unpleasant to you; but, on the other hand, I would seek to learn all that it would be well for me to know. I will ask the question, leaving to you the answering or not answering of it, when and how did you become a Christian?"

"The evangel of the incarnation was rumored in Hades sufficiently to prepare our minds for some marvelous event great enough to stagger even the faith of the dead. Then, you will remember that, in company with the great lawgiver, my friend at that time of nearly a thousand years' standing, I was summoned to the mount of the Transfiguration. Of what took place there you have some knowledge. We two saw, perhaps more clearly than the three Apostles, the glory of the Lord, and discerned therein the blending of human holiness with the transcendent radiance of indwelling divinity. We pondered well, but we did not understand, the greater part of what He, who was to suffer so soon and so awfully, told us concerning the 'decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem.' We treasured up all that we then heard, and discussed it fully with the great company of the holy dead upon our return to their realm. The words confided to us were plain enough, but we were blinded to their true significance till the dreadful and glorious day sent its thrill of horror through the universe, which held its breath in expectation of the thunderbolt that should smite those murderers, and rive the world, and kindle the infernal fires. When from out of those pitch-black

clouds beamed the smile of infinite Love, and the birds sang again, and the leaves shook in the breezes, and our hearts dared to live once more; and when the radiant face which had dazzled Moses and myself diffused its brightness over us again and over all the spirits of the righteous, and by the power of its radiance burst inward the barred gates of Paradise, then sang we the song of Moses and of the Lamb, and adored the eternal Son of the eternal Father, incarnate in the crucified Jesus. The Resurrection was hardly needed by us in the kingdom of the dead by way of further assurance. When, however, that glorious event had awakened a new burst of triumphant song, and when, forty days later, as you measure time, the whirr of angelic wings in countless myriads was heard as they brushed the air of Paradise, escorting the rejected Messiah up to the throne of His Father, we realized more fully the shame, and guilt, and misery of those who, having eyes, refused to see, and, having ears, refused to hear. Thus became I a Christian in heart, but in point of faith I have since been learning, and still do I continue, even now that I am back on earth, to learn, the mysteries of God that have been revealed through the Church. To you, very likely, this seems in

credible ; but let me assure you, my dear brother, that it is true."

After a prolonged silence Elijah continued :—  
" I am a Jew, and a Jew I must remain, thorough believer in Christ as I am. You have the advantage over me that you were born a Christian. It is something to have Christianity in the blood. Always must I view everything from the standpoint of the Jew. Therein lies a necessity that I should have an associate. Some things I know better than you, or any other man who has not been where I have been, and on some topics I can speak as no one else can be expected to deliver himself ; while, on the other hand, you have fuller insight into other matters than I perhaps ever can have. I believe truly that our paths lie together."

" I see not how that can well be. I am tied down to my parish, which I have not failed to serve on Sunday for many a long year, till to-day, when I am here under the bidding of imperative duty. Of course, I could throw up parish work, and take up the life of an evangelist, but there would be required a very distinct call from heaven to justify such a step, particularly as I have my family to anchor me to one spot. I admit that I frequently have a strong impulse

to get beyond the narrow confines of my own territory and strive to make some impression upon the world at large. It is discouraging to cry aloud forever in ears that will not hear, and the reason for whose not hearing is announced to be that the rejected teaching is heard nowhere else, proclaimed from no other pulpit. It would be a grand calling to be sent out with a roving commission, as it were. Did I think that I was at all fitted for it, and that the Lord really meant me to undertake the task, I do believe that, much as I am attached to my parish and my home, I would be greatly rejoiced, and, I fear, not a little elated."

"Await then the guidance of Jehovah. When He needs you, He will tell you so. He has already given me an intimation that you are to serve him in a peculiar capacity, but He has not yet bidden me to summon you thereto. Wait and watch."

The church bells were now sending forth their melodious summons from so many towers and steeples that the whole city clanged joyously. Our two friends were not so absorbed in their intensely interesting conversation as to forget God. In an instant they were on their feet and ascending from the shore. They felt quite sure

that by traveling onwards they would before long come upon an open church with a gathering congregation, and their plan was to enter the first that presented itself. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes they concluded that they had found what they were seeking. They knew at once, upon entering, that it was not of a style to suit them ; but they trusted to have, at worst, the liturgy tolerably rendered and an opportunity to offer acceptable homage in public to their Lord, and therefore remained. Noticing some odd appendages on the walls, the stranger asked his native friend, after they had left the sacred edifice, what they were. "Oh," was the explanation, "they are telephones, or instruments for conveying what is said or sung in the church to people in their homes. A century or so ago, it was supposed by some enthusiasts, and feared by some short-sighted religionists, that they would come into common use, and empty the churches. You see that they are used ; but only a few indolent, eccentric, or very exclusive people care for them ; besides the sick and their nurses, to whom they are of great service. No one need have supposed that the telephone could alter the religious nature of man. To sit straining one's ear at the end of a wire, in aristocratic solitude,

is a widely different thing from meeting your fellow-creatures like a social and God-fearing being in even a very ordinary church ; and most men and women, whatever they may sometimes say, feel it to be so."

## CHAPTER V.

### AN EXCURSION AND A REJECTED PROPOSAL.

TWO bicycles were testing the smoothness of New Jersey roads. Their riders were young, and handsome—according to their latest photographs, and, we are very glad to record, sat bolt-upright on their wheels, with some regard to the dignity of man, and to the internal constitution of the human animal. It would have been hard to decide which was the most expert and graceful, and which would have been the most likely to win in a trial of speed. They seemed thoroughly to enjoy the fresh coolness of the morning, and to delight in each other's company. It was a holiday, and they proposed to make the most of it. After awhile, they shot through the open gates of a public park, and soon came out on a most beautiful road running along the edge of perpendicular cliffs that descended hundreds of feet below them to the shore of the broad Hud-



son. Mile after mile this splendid road enticed them to follow it beneath the continuous canopy of leaves. The glorious landscape made some impression even upon a young man and a young woman out together for a holiday. At their rate of travel, however, it was not long before they were spinning down a rapid decline towards the bank. They next selected a boat from a large collection of fairly good ones, and embarked. They both rowed, each handling with skill a pair of single sculls. Fortunate in having the tide with them, they pulled boldly out on the placid bosom of Tappan Zee, making for a bold promontory that jutted far out on the western shore closing the view in that direction.

“Did you see the paper this morning? They must have had a fine time at St. Bardolph’s yesterday. I don’t know what to make of it. The ‘Gossip’ is out with most flaming headings, and devotes a whole page to the extraordinary goings-on of two escaped lunatics who stampeded the choir, bulldozed the rector, terrorized the whole congregation, and ended by scattering a platoon of police, and practising sharp-shooting upon a group of dignified reporters. They then hurled their weapons at the bystanders, and left at full speed, never looking behind them. The

'Wide-awake' says that the congregation was greatly disturbed by two idiots whose loud, harsh voices broke in by fits and starts upon the responses, who insisted upon singing out of tune, and one of whom even dared to interrupt the sermon with some rantings that nobody could understand; and adds that the officers of the church must be hauled over the coals if they are incompetent to dispose of such cattle. The reporter describes their appearance minutely, and informs the public that one was lately transferred from Sing Sing, over there, to the Poughkeepsie asylum, and that the other closely resembled a notorious burglar who is badly wanted. What can it all mean? I would have searched some of the other papers, in hope of getting some glimpses of the truth, but had no more time to spare."

"Father takes the daily 'Lyre,' and says that in its efforts at fiction it comes nearer the facts than any other of the great dailies. Uncle takes it too, and in glancing over it at breakfast I noticed the affair at St. Bardolph's, of which its account is wholly at variance with these, if anything can be *at variance* with two such discordant narratives. It declares that two strangers of very distinguished appearance were treated with

great discourtesy, and goes on to state in detail how they were roughly pulled out of a pew into which they had been ushered, and hustled out into the aisle, where they were violently pushed down on camp-stools ; how books were tossed at them, and then demanded back rudely for the use of some one else ; how they were bidden to shut their mouths, upon their venturing to join very modestly in the service ; and finally how, upon the preacher's stopping in his sermon to administer a personal reprimand to these unoffending individuals, two burly policemen had collared them, and run them out of the building in very uncouth and barbarous fashion. The ' Lyre ' then asks, through the extent of a column or two of bombastic vituperation, whether that is the Christian manner of welcoming strangers. What are we to make out of such conflicting reports ? Did anything happen there at all, or have the papers taken a spite at that church, and concluded to make a run on it ? ”

“ Something surely must have occurred, but *what* is entirely beyond the subscriber. The difference between a madman, an idiot, and a courteous gentleman is, it seems, altogether in the point of view.”

They dropped the oars for a time, and con

cluded to drift with the current, taking advantage, too, of a light breeze from the south. By placing the weight of both in the stern, they threw the bows high enough to catch the wind, and secured both greater progress and control of the boat by the rudder. The lady was, evidently preoccupied, but kept up her part of the conversation, till her face brightened, and she exclaimed; "I have it. I met Mr. Hilary in church last evening, bowed to him as we came out, and noticed that there was with him a very noble-looking old gentleman with a most pleasing smile on his stern face. Now I presume that Mr. Hilary let out his voice in responding as he always does, and attracted some attention among those refined mumblers at St. Bardolph's. Very likely, too, he took his own time, and with his strong voice and imperturbable manner forced the rest, minister and all, to follow him. He is just the man to do it. He says it is horribly irreverent to mumble and gallop as those people do, and declares that he cannot, and will not, do so. He claims his right to respond in any church after a reverential manner, and avers that he considers it his duty to enforce that right as far as he can. Undoubtedly that stranger helped him, for he looked capable of

doing so. Probably they had difficulty in getting seats. So far all is plain enough, but what to guess about the interruption of the preaching I don't at all know."

"It is a pity that Mr. Hilary will get himself talked about so. He is quite sure to do so wherever he goes. He likes a fight, I do believe. I am a great admirer of his, and always take his part when people are abusing him, but I can't help wishing sometimes he was a little more like other folks. What need is there for him to be so combative? Why need he obtrude his piety upon other people? If the custom of a congregation is to read softly and rapidly, I should think it would be in much better taste for a visitor to fall in with their customs."

An ominous stillness succeeded. The young man glanced at the mountain towards which they were running, turned the helm a little, cast his eye over the landscape, looked at his watch, expecting all the while some answer to his last remarks. He was both surprised and pained by the reply which did come, and all too soon. "Mr. Delancey, you do not know what you are doing," said at last this enthusiastic female disciple in low, full tones, with clear, incisive enunciation. "When you say such things about

our rector, it is not he you are injuring. You do not, you cannot understand how these depreciatory remarks affect me. Look at Mr. Hilary! Did you ever see another man like him? Do you remember what we saw him do on the boat? He has in him the stuff to make a dozen ordinary men, and big ones at that. Tremendous as he is physically, the heroic in him is of larger pattern still; at least, it is so in my eyes, and I don't think anything that can be said against him can lower him in my esteem and, I may add, veneration. I am in the habit of looking up to him in everything, having known him since I was a baby. I am afraid that I compare everybody, especially men, with him, and not much to their advantage. So you see, my friend, you must not disparage Mr. Hilary, for that would show me that you could not appreciate him."

The young fellow winced. It was a shaft to make any man wince. His copious apologies were accepted the more readily that the lady felt she had been unduly severe. Nevertheless there was a cloud upon their happiness, and it remained until, after a good, long pull, they ran their keel upon a slaty beach in a beautiful little cove. Having by this time voracious appetites, they indulged in such viands as are common at a basket-

picnic, thoroughly enjoying a well-earned rest and the superabundant supply of food. Afterwards, concluding to wait for the ebb-tide, they made fast their boat, and climbed to the top of the mountain, whence they could catch a glimpse of a lovely little lake, the native home of nearly all the ice that cools the melons and the sherbets of thirsty New Yorkers, and look down upon as beautiful a quiet landscape, possibly, as the whole world affords. Mr. Delancey took occasion to wonder jocosely how one small pond could be so prolific in ice; while Miss Black lamented the absence from that noble expanse of water, five miles at its greatest breadth, and twenty-five or thirty in length, of the snow-white canvas which tradition said used to cover the incomparable Hudson in fleets. When they were on the point of descending, the gentleman called attention to some puffs of air from the north, and expressed the opinion that they were not unlikely to be favored by the wind on their return voyage. Somewhat to their relief, they found their boat undisturbed, and embarked merrily. Their course now lay close in shore on the west, so as to get the greatest help from the current; but after an hour or two of that, they swung out more into the open sea, with some reluctance at

leaving the pleasant banks, and began at once to receive additional impetus from the freshening breeze. The lady now consented to take a rest by handling the tiller-ropes instead of the oars, the light craft nevertheless continuing to make satisfactory progress. Sunset, however, found them still afloat, and the stars came out one by one and looked down upon them with unobtrusive eyes. It was then that Mr. Delancey plucked up courage to make a declaration which had all day trembled upon his lips, but only to learn that he had seriously injured his cause by inadvertently putting himself into contrast with a vastly superior man. It is not for us to pry into the sacredness of such a conversation. The stars listened, but of what they heard we only know what we conjecture from our knowledge of the young couple and of their subsequent actions, assisted by some unwary remarks let fall by the youth in the bitterness of his disappointment. We are quite sure that the lady spoke her mind with much clearness and force, though with the gentleness that was a most enchanting feature of her character, and that was in this case heightened by a decided partiality which she entertained for this one of her many suitors. She said that she was resolved never to marry at



all, unless she could regard with thorough respect the one with whom she mated ; that she, in common she believed with the great majority of her sex, looked for genuine manliness of character in a possible husband ; and that her own conception of true manliness had been formed very largely from what she knew of Mr. Hilary. Mr. Hilary she considered a very remarkable man. Her papa thought that there was nobody like him, so fearless, so firm, so resolute, so independent. He was a man who made up his mind slowly, calmly, deliberately, dispassionately, and then went ahead perfectly regardless of consequences to himself or anybody else. You could no more stop him than you could stop the flow of the Hudson. You could threaten him if you chose, but you might as well threaten a cyclone. You could offer inducements, but you might as well try to bribe an iceberg. He seemed to have one idea, one desire, one invincible determination, on earth : all that he lived for was to do his duty as he understood it. That was what her papa would sometimes say about him in the family, and she thought that it was substantially true of him. Mr. Hilary was a minister, and as such ought to be peculiarly devoted to a high sense of duty ; but, while she did

not expect a layman to reach quite that pitch of consecration, she could see no reason for his not having the same grand aim and keeping it steadily before him all the days of his life. She professed to have a very poor opinion of the pampered, luxurious, indolent, selfish creatures that passed for men. To her they were utterly contemptible. She knew there were some truly manly men among those who had not Mr. Hilary's superb physical endowments. She felt that, if she did meet such a noble specimen of masculinity, he would discern little in her to call forth either admiration or love. If so, she could support the sad fate of the spinster,—and she would. As for her companion, she had a very high opinion of him as a young man of correct principles and lofty ideals. She was very sorry to allude again to the unfortunate turn their conversation had taken in the morning, but the fact was that her eyes had been opened by it to a certain difference between Mr. Hilary and the one who had criticised him. The difference, she admitted, was of a kind she could not easily define or explain, but she felt it none the less. Perhaps she was unjust : if so, she was extremely sorry ; but she could not, in a matter so vital to them both, go contrary to her own judgment.

Here the young man broke forth in a passionate protest that it was unfair to compare everybody with Mr. Hilary, declaring that it was easy enough for a Hercules to be courageous, but that ordinary individuals sometimes stood in great danger of receiving very rough treatment, and that therefore it was much harder for them to be brave. He handled the theme with no little dexterity, and was making a very strong showing in his own behalf, when Carrie Black, like the straightforward girl she was, cut him short by asking him point-blank whether he honestly thought there was anything that could intimidate Mr. Hilary. She insisted that her hero's courage was not a matter of high spirits and great muscular strength. She grew quite prophetic as she declared that she could almost wish to see him put to the test of some great trial which would show conclusively what superior metal he was made of.

At this point we will leave them to come to some sort of an understanding, a *modus vivendi*; and to reach home the best they can, tired out by their day of pleasure, and, let us hope, no further, at the worst, than when they started in the morning, from that desirable goal for the mass of mankind, a happy marriage. Love-mak-

ing is better in the experience than in the recounting ; and besides, only incidentally can it be our proper theme, except as spiritualized into the sublime effort of redeeming Love to woo the reluctant souls of men.

## CHAPTER VI.

HIGHER CRITICISM CRITICISED, AND PREACHERS  
PREACHED TO.

THE great annual Church Congress met this year in the metropolis, and was attended even more largely than usual by the most distinguished and dignified men, both clerical and lay, belonging to the "Episcopal" body or interested in it. These meetings for discussion merely were exceedingly and increasingly popular, especially among the vast and growing class of people with more leisure on their hands than they could readily dispose of. A very large hall had been secured for their principal meetings and was often filled with an audience, drawn together from the whole extent of the Union, that any man might be proud to address.

This particular day was devoted to the absorbing theme of the Higher Criticism, as it was oracularly termed, and the chief speaker was one of

the most famous men of the day, occupying the most honorable ecclesiastical position known to the Anglican Church, My Lord Archbishop of Lindisfarne. By no means an old man, he had attained this high station by rapid promotion for *merit* (as was generally asserted), from the moment of his winning his degree at the university, where his renown still lingered as that of the most brilliant scholar that had ever worn the undergraduate's gown. His reputation for learning, for acuteness, for grasp of mind, for literary skill, and for eloquence was world-wide. Especially had he devoted himself to Biblical Criticism, on which subject he was an undisputed authority. He had written various treatises on different points connected with this subject, and these were universally praised in the highest circles. The Greek Digamma had afforded scope for the display of research and ingenuity, as had also the gutturals of the Shemitic tongues, but his greatest work was entitled, "The Evidential Value of the Monumental Antiquities of Egypt and the East." He had been specially invited to address the Congress, and the time usually parceled out to a number of appointed speakers was all reserved for this most distinguished prelate and honored guest.

If the hall usually was full, on the morning of this day it was packed. Expectation was at its greatest. A profound sensation ran through the assembly as, after a most flattering introduction from the Bishop of New York, he rose to speak and was received by the audience standing. He was known to entertain extremely "liberal" views on inspiration and kindred topics, and this was calculated both to draw an audience and to create interest. His opening remarks were an exceedingly graceful acknowledgment of the compliments he had just received and the welcome which had been accorded him. He then paid an eloquent tribute to the Bible, in terms that were listened to by thousands with breathless admiration, but which some thought might with very little change have been applied to the Koran or the Zend-Avesta. He next spoke of the marvelous progress which had marked the last century, particularly in Philology, Antiquarian Research, and Historical Criticism. He glided into honeyed speech on the beneficial effects which this advance had produced upon the study of the Bible. It was now time to discourse at large upon the Sacred Books of the world, their wonderful excellence, and their vast influence for good. A very successful effort fol

lowed to draw down the *haze of antiquity* on the Vedas and the Bible. Under the cover of this fog, a fierce assault was made upon the authenticity of many of the books contained in the Bible, all sorts of doubts being cast upon the evidence by which it was commonly supported. Then insinuation after insinuation was thrown out, to the effect that no amount or conclusiveness of evidence could establish what was incredible. The audience, thus prepared, was forthwith invited to dissect the language of the various books, and to see that it was simply impossible that different portions of a given book could have been written in the same age or by the same man. All the resources of the most advanced philology were brought to bear upon this argument, and an astonishing familiarity manifested with the grammar of the Oriental tongues. This was done with much elaboration and unbounded applause: it was the great effort of the address. Then came a telling exhibition of alleged ill results which had sprung from the old and superannuated doctrines concerning Inspiration, which the audience were exhorted to bury tenderly, but to *bury*. The able orator labored to show that no such certainty, no such positiveness of demonstration, no such strength of con-



viction are needed by the human soul for its best development as the old theologians used to demand, and persuade themselves and others they had reached. An apotheosis of the *liberal* man, thoroughly emancipated, and extending wide the arms of fraternal greeting to unconverted Brahmin and Taoist, and building a pyramid of all the Sacred Books of all religions, on the apex of which he lays the Christian's Bible, closed a truly wonderful discourse, well calculated to make a profound and lasting impression, and to exalt, if possible, the reputation of the speaker.

No signs from the presiding officer could suppress the applause, let them be as emphatic and persistent as they might. Roar after roar of acclamation shook the great building. The moment it began to subside, a form rose in the body of the auditorium and stood conspicuous, awaiting a lull sufficient to give some hope of gaining attention. It being generally supposed that the gentleman desired to introduce a resolution of thanks to the marvelous orator, the uproar gradually sank so far that a powerful voice might have a chance of asserting itself. When heard, the voice of the new speaker proved to be strong, and incisive, and, at the same time, very pleasant to the ear.

Friends of Mr. Hilary who sat near him said afterwards that they had never seen him look as he did when he rose to his feet. His lips were white and compressed, the lines of his face deep-chiseled, and his eyes aflame, while his strong frame shook as with the ague. The idea first suggested itself that he was overcome with timidity at the thought of addressing that audience; but a second's reflection dissipated that suspicion. Several times he essayed to raise his voice, but without effect, partly on account of the uproar, but largely because his throat refused utterance. At length he drew in a very deep breath, and shouted, "Mr. Chairman!" It happened to be just the proper moment. His voice reached the officer, and brought down his gavel. Instantly there was what seemed, by contrast, a profound silence, and every eye in the building sought for the source of the cry. For one awful moment he felt that terrible concentration of surprised glances, quailed before the tremendous task imposed upon him, anticipated the outbreak of a storm of indignation, despaired of quelling the turmoil of rage that boiled within him. In another moment he had mastered himself, and was able to begin:—

"Mr. Chairman, I rise with diffidence, but I

do rise to address this august assembly. I dare to do this after the Archbishop's wonderful address ; I must do it. Never, sir, have I listened to such words as have lately held this audience spell-bound. I rise in accordance with the privilege, held out by official advertisement and by repeated announcement from the chair, that, after the selected speakers, any one shall have the right freely and cordially conceded to him of speaking upon the subject discussed. That privilege I now claim in order to say that never have I heard such a doctrine proclaimed with such semblance of authoritativeness or of general acceptability in any large gathering under Church auspices. I had the happiness of being brought up in the Church, as my parents have been for several generations, and never heard I any such doctrine from parental lips. I have read the best productions of the standard divines of the English Church, and I have not found it in them. I have studied attentively the great preachers of the early Church, and I have not found it in them, but I have found directly the contrary. I have made it the practice of many years to search the Scriptures in the original tongues, and I have not found it there. I am left by this marvelous discourse like a child

crying in the night, for it has almost robbed me of my God. I am ready to exclaim, 'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.' As I understand this new doctrine it is diametrically opposed to the teachings of the Church through all the ages: if, therefore, it is true, the Apostles, in a vital matter, misunderstood or misrepresented the instruction they received from the Lord: that is not a pleasant, it is not a tolerable, supposition for a Christian. Worse yet, if the New Testament is veracious, our Lord himself plainly set forth the opposite of what we have heard to-day: which comes to this, that the New Testament is to be considered reliable when we wish to have it so, and unreliable when we do not wish to believe its assertions. Is this a safe, is it a dignified, is it an honorable position for Christianity to occupy? Mr. Chairman, we have allowed ourselves to be carried away by the eloquence, the learning, the reputation, the high station, of the speaker, and have come perilously near to forgetting what is due to other teachers not less distinguished, permit me to say, than even My Lord Archbishop of Lindisfarne. I am very sorry indeed to be obliged to differ from him, and, like Elihu, I feel that older men ought to

“speak, but, if they are not disposed so to do, if among all the renowned champions of the faith who sit in this brilliant assemblage there is none who will step forth to do battle for Jehovah, then must I even, in all my unworthiness, raise my feeble arm in defense of a cause which to me at least is sacred beyond expression.”

This was a hazardous beginning. Mr. Hilary was perfectly well aware that a skillful tactician would have begun by loading down with compliments the orator who had just produced so remarkable an impression, and he was not unpracticed in such arts; but he was too deeply moved to care much about expediency, and perhaps was wiser, under all the circumstances, in boldly challenging the admiration of the audience by hurling down the gauntlet of defiance. The greatest danger was that the assembly would insensibly dissolve, and that would be best avoided by exciting the interest which attaches to a desperate encounter. No one had yet moved towards the doors, but now men sprang up on all sides asking whether this was not altogether irregular, and broadly hinting that the audience was in no temper to listen to anybody after the comprehensive and convincing argument of the Archbishop. In a stentorian

voice Mr. Hilary said: "I believe, sir, that I have the floor," and went on with his remarks. The gavel sounded repeatedly, and the chair decided that he did have the floor. Another attempt to interrupt was by shouting, "Louder, louder." At the invitation of the chair, he then advanced to the platform, never ceasing to speak as he went, for time was too precious to be lost. As he turned to the assembly, he was remarking:—

"His Lordship has been pleased to argue that some statements of the Old Testament have been contradicted by evidence lately unearthed in Egypt. Why is it that all the discoveries that have tended to strengthen our belief in the Law and the Prophets are ignored or belittled by him? Are there none such, or have they escaped his notice? After all the doubt that has been heaped upon the biblical statement concerning the elevation of Joseph to power in the kingdom, has the learned Archbishop failed to notice the inscription which has been deciphered within the last year, containing a name strikingly like that of Joseph, and declaring that the bearer of it administered the affairs of Egypt with great discretion during a prolonged famine? Does the Archbishop believe that some crafty disciple

of that ancient school of biblical scholars to which I belong, chiseled that inscription in order that it might be found, and then defaced it, and lastly hid the entrance to the tomb in which he had forged it? We have been told that there never was any Hyksos dynasty, that no such king as 'Apepi' ever reigned, and that Joseph could, by no possibility, have been his contemporary; but not a word has been said about this inscription. Again, has His Lordship never heard of the hollow cylinder, sealed at both ends, and containing a perfect copy, in Hebrew, of the entire book of Isaiah, that was dug up last year in the course of some excavations made by an enterprising American in the mound on which stood Esar-haddon's splendid palace? The seals are those of that monarch, and prove that the book existed in that form when the author was hardly cold in his grave; or does the distinguished prelate hold that somebody buried that cylinder, after the manner of the Cardiff giant, and forged the seals?"

Down came the mallet announcing the expiration of the time allowed volunteer speakers, but the curiosity of the house had been thoroughly aroused. The two discoveries he had cited were of so great interest, and had been so carefully

concealed from the public, that every one was eager to hear more, on the natural supposition that a man who had surprised them to such a degree already would furnish them further valuable information. The motion was promptly made that the speaker's time be extended, and was passed without a dissenting vote or the designation of any limit, so that our friend found himself master of the situation, except that he could not prevent people's leaving the hall, should they grow too weary. He proceeded to argue that every inscription, or book, or monument, or statue, or building, or other remains, yet discovered had explained Scripture and shown its correctness, when it had any bearing upon it at all. The chief ground on which the conclusions of history were disputed, was one on which it was easy to demonstrate that the works of any author were not genuine. Style is a reality fully as much as handwriting is, but hardly so capable of being used as proof of identity. Surely there must be sex in style, but had not most notorious mistakes of sex been made by the whole literary world in the case of anonymous writers? The speaker was confident of his own ability to decide upon the sex of the author of any work that could be shown him : did His



Lordship entertain a similar confidence? Who wrote the Letters of "Junius?" Was it Philip Francis? Was it Edmund Burke? Why the uncertainty about this that reigns to this day? If all the writings of Francis were anonymous, and therefore doubtful, the same cannot be said about the productions of the great parliamentary orator. The style of Burke should be capable of recognition, if any style is. Well, then, did Burke write the letters or not? Let the Higher Critics answer that question. Let them all answer the same question about Francis. The judicial mind says to-day,—says it in the person of historian, philosopher, and literary critic,—*probably* Philip Francis wrote them. Positively, the Higher Critics are unable to compare the anonymous writings attributed to Francis with those of "Junius," and determine whether they came from the same pen; and yet they presume to handle a sublime work, written in a language of which their mastery is very imperfect, with an assurance which is *sublime* also. They can not tell whether the English of "Junius" is the English of Francis, and yet they are absolutely sure that the Hebrew of the "Proto-Isaiah" is not the Hebrew of the "Deutero-Isaiah." Is it necessary to pursue this argument? And how

much do these men know of Hebrew? Is there one of them who can converse in ancient Hebrew? Can they even translate at sight? They may be said to have a bowing acquaintance with that tongue, but that is all. With grammar and dictionary they can work out the sense of a passage, but as for taking new Hebrew, or Arabic, or Assyrian, and giving the sense of it off-hand, it may be doubted whether they can do it. What position, then, are they in to sit in judgment on Hebrew style? Here too is the logic of their actual position: having extracted from the books of the Old Testament the meanings of the words and the rules and forms of the grammar, they have then turned round and presumed to reform the text by the conclusions which they have deduced from it, and it alone, inasmuch as there are no other remains of the ancient literature of that people. It is as if, having learned from Homer that the genitive case in *oio* was commonly used, they should then assert positively that a long passage of the first book had not been composed by Homer, because it contained a genitive in *ou*; whereas, the only proper deduction would be that both genitives were in use. If anything could be more illogical and perverse than this mode of arguing, it would

be found in their general treatment of style. What is style? When natural, it is the man himself; when artificial, an attempt to imitate some one else. Style ought to vary greatly with the subject matter, and with the mood of the author, supposing it to be a genuine style: in the case of the imitative variety, the writer is always liable to forget his stilts, and walk on the ground. All such obvious facts are ignored, and canons of criticism are evolved as though man were a machine to sew with a given stitch that never need be mistaken. The greater a man's ability, the more certain and the more obtrusive his unevenness. His genius deserts him occasionally, leaving him to plod along like ordinary mortals; and then the Higher Critics pounce upon him, and say that he could not have been guilty of the commonplace!

Here a gentleman rose and asked permission to interrupt the speaker a moment, and then put the searching question:

"Have you, sir, more than a 'bowing acquaintance' with those tongues, Hebrew in particular?"

Back came the prompt reply:

"I will cheerfully submit to the test, if you can produce anybody to converse with me."

The fact was that Mr. Hilary's intercourse with Elijah had enabled him, possessing beforehand a very unusual mastery of Shemitic languages, to converse quite fluently in Hebrew, and likewise to make himself understood in Arabic. A few could have spoken to him in rabbinical Hebrew, but not one of Jewish extraction or of scholastic renown dared attempt the classical dialect.

"Well, then," said our friend, "is there no one among all these distinguished divines and honored professors, is there no professor of Hebrew in our divinity schools, who can at least examine me from the book?"

There were no books to be had. Mr. Hilary drew his little book from his breast pocket, adjusted his spectacles, and said:

"I have been challenged as to my familiarity with Hebrew. I will, therefore, read you any passage in the Old Testament that you may select."

A voice exclaimed:

"Read the Song of Moses, in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy."

Mr. Hilary opened to the place, and read the text without hesitation to the end, in such an expressive manner that it was impossible, even

for an illiterate person, not to perceive that he understood every word of it. He then recommenced on the Arabic translation : when all the Orientalists declared that they had heard enough, that they were more than satisfied. The fact was that not the most learned professor present, nor the Archbishop himself, could have borne the same test ; and they all knew it. It was a clear victory for the obscure rector, as was his whole speech, which he wound up with a very effective appeal to the audience not to be driven from the old and safe paths by any fears that the teachings of the Church could not be successfully defended against all assailants.

What had seemed perfectly hopeless when the American priest rose had been accomplished, and more than accomplished, for the audience had gone completely over to the second speaker's side ; but the field was by no means won yet. A learned and able ecclesiastic, who had come over in the Archbishop's train, the venerable Dean of Croyland, now took up the debate on behalf of Higher Criticism. A man of very quick and acute mind, and of great experience in polemics, he did as well as could have been done, but had hard work of it. He took up various points of archæology, and of philology, and strove

to show in regard to them that the Archbishop was right, and Mr. Hilary, wrong ; and he sought to strengthen certain positions of the former, and weaken certain of the latter, by adducing additional arguments and proofs. The only portion of his speech which could in any sense be considered original was the peroration, in which he urged the argument of development. Pointing out some of the main particulars in which he claimed that the Century was superior to all that had gone before, he asked whether this superiority ought not to be admitted to be such by all who believed that God governs the world. On the contrary hypothesis, how could it be believed that God had made and was governing the world, if there was retrogression? If things are going from bad to worse, year by year, and age by age, how avoid the admission that the Almighty has failed? Religion, he averred, must have participated in this general march forward. And what, if we have left the Apostles and their somewhat limited views on some topics far behind us? What if we have shaken the logical proof of the truth of Christianity? Let us not be disturbed. Our faith needs no demonstration to the understanding, the doctrines being such as commend themselves naturally to the

soul of man, and insure their acceptance by all who are right-minded. Let us glory in the breadth and liberality of our views, the universality of our sympathies, and the wise and patient energy of our charities ; and thank God that the world moves.

Great and growing gratification was manifested during the Dean's address, and the applause at its close was perhaps more heartfelt than the thunders which testified appreciation of the Archbishop's. The great majority of the assemblage leaned decidedly towards their side, and were overjoyed to learn that an answer, so plausible, if not convincing, could be made to the crushing argument of Mr. Hilary. The Dean of Croyland became the hero of the moment, and was overwhelmed with congratulations. A prominent layman arose to move an adjournment, but before any one could second the motion and thus shut off debate, a tremendous voice reëchoed through the vast hall, rendering it perfectly impossible for any other to be heard at all. This speaker dominated the assembly from the outset. He asked no permission, addressed himself to nobody in particular, paid not the slightest heed to manifestations of disapproval from the presiding officer or any one else. He

spoke as a man might, who felt that he had been sent by Heaven, and was unwaveringly resolved to deliver his message. This gathering was not, in his eyes, fenced around with the sanctities of a church; it was an assembly which any person who could had the right to address, and he considered himself as exercising that right under the high behest of Heaven. His words were with power, the power of a matchless voice and the greater power of an earnestness that was terrible in its intensity. The first sound was like a trumpet-call to judgment, and when the eyes of the startled and trembling applauders fell upon those benignant features, stern and rigid now in the fierce struggle of the moment, cast in such a gigantic mold, and venerable with years numerous beyond the possible conjecture of the observer, their gaze was riveted upon them, not to be withdrawn so long as it should please the majestic stranger to continue his discourse.

We shall not attempt the impossible. No uninspired pen could do justice to the sublime discourse which followed. Stenographers were on hand; but, while a flash of lightning may be caught by the camera, the attempt to photograph a tropical thunder storm would be a failure, beyond question. The coldest-blooded reporter



could not have controlled himself; and, even if he had taken down every word, he would have given us only the lifeless body without the spirit of celestial fire which had animated it. If any reader can imagine a prophet of old at his very best, and glorify him with a halo of Christian faith, hope, and charity, he will begin to have a faint conception of Elijah's address to that large, cultured, and hostile audience.

If Mr. Hilary had exposed the shallowness of the linguistic criticisms made by the learned Archbishop, try to imagine how this man, a native Hebrew and brought into daily contact with the sons of Ishmael, Esau, and Midian, and also thrown into close relations with the officers of Sennacherib, and, besides all this, with three thousand years behind him in which he had met a constant stream of men who on earth had spoken all languages, demolished their arguments. Can we not hear him take up some form of a verb, found in Genesis, and claimed by the critics to be derived from an Arabic root rather than from the Hebrew one to which it had usually been credited, and to mean something very different from the signification given it in King James' Bible; point out the immense absurdity of supposing that Arabic is more

ancient than Hebrew; and demonstrate that the Arabic word came from the Hebrew, and had followed an inevitable course of transition in adopting a very remote application of the radical idea. Thoroughly conversant with all the customs and habits of the times when these were living tongues, when ancient, classic Arabic had not been supplanted by its degenerate descendant, and, as has been said, master of all those and many other languages, he instantly detected errors and fallacies in the arguments of men who were comparatively in utter ignorance, and was in a position to exhibit these in a light that was absolutely conclusive. In short, he had not spoken two minutes on this subject before the illustrious Englishmen felt that the whole assembly was laughing at them with that cachination which is as inextinguishable as it is inaudible. They suffered all the pangs of vivisection when, a little later, he began to heap merited ridicule on their division of the book of Isaiah by a line run between the thirty-ninth and fortieth chapters. He recited a considerable portion of the fortieth chapter in Hebrew, astonishing every student of that language by bold departures from the pronunciation and accentuation of the books, but treading

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with the firmness of a man who knew his ground. He then asked Mr. Hilary to open at random to some earlier chapter. The fifth was hit upon. Instantly the venerable Jew began to recite that chapter. We can surely hearken to him again as he demanded to know wherein the difference of style lay. Was it in the words? Does not every man alter his phraseology somewhat as the years roll on? Some words that are our favorites now will be seldom heard from our lips five years hence; but in this case what are the words? what are the forms? what is the arrangement of sentences or preference of figures of speech? There was no more homogeneity in the speech of the Archbishop itself than there was, to a Jewish ear, in those two chapters, aye! in the whole, of Isaiah. So said the speaker, and so for a time at least, every listener believed, though, it might be, most immensely against his will.

Coming to historical difficulties, the powerful orator handled these in a manner to make the rheumatic bones of a superannuated Criticism rattle. Of more than a score of alleged inconsistencies and contradictions he adduced out of the inexhaustible stores of his knowledge explanations so easy, so natural, so obvious, so con-

clusive, that hundreds hung their heads in shame. Then occurred a break of an unprecedented character in the address. He called attention to a cannon-ball, marked as weighing one thousand pounds, that formed a conspicuous feature on the front of the platform, having been placed there to hold down a steel girder which showed a tendency to spring upwards in the middle ; asked whether any man could lift a thousand pounds above his head ; and offered to show that the ball did not weigh what it was marked at. He called on any two strong men to test the weight by lifting the ball. Urged on by their friends, two thick-set, muscular young clergymen took hold of it by two ends of an axis that slightly projected, and failed to raise it. Two very stout canes being passed to them, they put these under the ends and then lifted it about two inches. One of them declared in a loud voice their joint conclusion that its weight had not been marked high enough. Elijah called on Mr. Hilary to come forward and show that they were mistaken. In compliance with a request which to him was a command, he put his hands around the ball so that the ends came between the thumb and forefinger, and rising lifted it at half-arm's length as high as his waist : he then set

it down gently, and looked at his venerable friend. Elijah bade him try again, and lift it as high as he could. The other stooped again, seized the ball, raised it at arm's length above his head, held it there two minutes, and set it down again. Courteously thanking him, the prophet advanced to the platform himself, grasped the two ears between thumb and forefinger, raised it, tossed it, caught it in the palm of his right hand, held it out so, raised it so above his head, threw it up ten feet, caught it in his left hand, held it out, raised it, tossed it, and lastly set it down quietly, challenging any one to come up and test its weight again. No one moving, he said simply ; " His Lordship affirms that it is impossible that the same hand should have written both parts of Isaiah ; he also said that no man could lift that cannon-ball. Is he much more likely to be correct in the former assertion than I have shown him to be in the latter. He says that Elijah never existed, that the Carmel narrative is a myth." The mighty orator drew himself up to his full height and seemed to expand in every part of him as he did so. He turned towards the Archbishop, and fixed upon him the glance of an eye that blazed with inward fire, saying briefly, " Rise, My Lord Archbishop

of Lindisfarne." The prophet's glance swept the vast assembly, every eye quailing before it. The stillness was awful. Turning once more full upon the pallid Archbishop, in a low, distinct tone that threatened every instant to break out in thunder, he added the three words, "I am Elijah." Presently he exclaimed in a lower and more awful tone, "I am Elijah, and I am sent to herald the Coming of the King."

The Spirit of the Lord seemed, at this moment, to come upon "the Man of God" in greater power. The voice which had been surpassingly strong before now became truly thunderous, without losing its melody. His speech was the torrent of Niagara. To stop or turn it seemed equally impossible. Prophetic freedom marked his utterances. He told the two English dignitaries that their teachings were unreasonable, unhistorical, disloyal; and called upon them either to retract them then and there, or else cease wearing a garb to which they were not entitled. He rebuked all the assembled divines for having lent countenance to a doctrine, the evil nature, as well as falsity, of which they ought to have discerned; and the people themselves he severely reprimanded for having listened so eagerly to arguments which their instincts would

have guarded them against, had they not been bent on self-pleasing and self-indulgence. This was only the beginning. Drawing upon a knowledge of human nature, an extent of experience, a breadth of observation, and a keenness of insight, which only such a man as he could have, he touched in regular order upon the sins of the age, of the Church, of the classes of people present. The luxurious living of the successor of the Apostles, whose conveyance is a prince's chariot, whose abode is a palace, whose table is an epicure's feast, whose raiment is purple and fine linen, whose ornaments are gold and precious stones, useless except to feed vanity, was set forth as one of the chief hindrances to a sadly needed reform. An example of extravagance, of selfish disregard for the needs of the poor, of flaunting wealth before the envious eyes of those less wealthy, was thus set which the clergy of all classes, Christians at large, and the world in general, were far too ready to imitate. He assailed the administration of the Church, particularly in the matter of pandering to the rich and putting off the poor man with the second best, in disciplining only the feeble who offended the strong, in depending upon the raising of money for almost every object by methods that were

purely worldly, and questionable if not positively iniquitous. He next aimed his missiles at the personal sins of men and women. He stripped the disguise with ruthless hand from the fashionable crimes from which respectability seeks to defend itself by denying their existence. Men, and women too, winced as though the secret history of their own lives was being told, and the prophet would in a few minutes point the finger at them, exclaiming, "Thou art the man." After this the speaker held up to contempt the unmanliness of the man who leaves the duty of serving God as a good soldier of Jesus Christ to his wife and children, who can not brave a storm to report himself for duty in the church, whose spiritual constitution can not endure the strain of more than one service on Sunday, whose voluntary contributions for the advance of the Gospel are less than the amount spent by him on cigars, who is willing to accept salvation by the cross of Christ without exerting himself in the slightest degree to deserve it. There was no escaping this either: the most hardened of the easy-going (and who more hardened than they?) gasped for breath, and held hard to the seats in the agony of their self-contempt. That any human being could have so affected that audience of bishops,



priests, judges, senators, lawyers, physicians, scientists, philosophers, and professors, and their wives, with merchants, financiers, and large manufacturers, would be incredible were not the fact substantiated by irrefragable testimony.

Now the mood of the prophetic orator appeared to change. The tornado had done its work, and was passing away; serenity was gradually establishing itself in the atmosphere. Nevertheless, not for an instant did he let go his hold upon the people. The impetuous torrent flowed on, but more quietly, for it had swept away the obstructions, and now coursed through a free channel. He was speaking upon the cost of man's redemption, like one who had heard at the Transfiguration some utterance of human shrinking from the frightful ordeal, and been prepared thereby to enter more deeply than others into the mystery of the Agony in the Garden and into the horrible torture, the incomprehensible and wide-reaching suffering, of the Cross; and as one might speak who had been an eyewitness of the awful tragedy. He pleaded with them not to let that dear Lord who bought them at such a price come back to save them, and find them eternally wrecked by their own willfulness. No mother soothing a sick babe

ever mellowed her tones to a tenderer softness than those of this peerless preacher as he dwelt upon the theme of Redeeming Love. As the previous tones had been crushing, so were these soothing and inspiring. Gentle as they were, they filled the building, and filled all hearts with hope, and joy, and lofty aspiration. Lastly, with the briefest exhortation not to forget resolution, nor to omit action towards the carrying-out of resolves, the majestic figure folded its arms upon its ample chest, shrouded its face beyond recognition, and passed out with slow and stately tread that none might presume to follow.

## CHAPTER VII.

## ELIJAH AND THE REFORM MOVEMENT.

IF a prophet is sent with a message to men, there is no great room for variety in the methods of imparting it. To accost men on the streets and roads, and deliver it individually ; to wander through the streets, and shout in short and condensed sentences the chief matters included in it ; to take up a station at street-corners or road-crossings, and gather a crowd by strange actions or remarkable speech, are methods as old as the world and not likely to be improved upon in any age by any amount of experience and ingenuity. The press, telegraphs, and telephones spread news rapidly, but do not supplant personal address with the living voice. Without Elijah's presence and speech, his mission was not likely to prosper, until, at least, considerable progress had been made, and enough open converts gained to give the movement stability and influence.

But, if there could be little original about his methods, so remarkable a personage would quite certainly pursue these with such skill, earnestness, and ability as to lend them all the charm of freshness, and render them peculiarly effective.

His steadfast look was sufficient to arrest even the most preoccupied and self-sufficient passer-by, and usually disconcerted the person considerably. That look was so calm, and steady, and commanding, so searching and penetrating, so inexorably bent on the truth, so kindly and sympathetic, so trustful and trust-inspiring, so clear, and frank, and loving, so pure and lofty, so resolutely determined to benefit the one it rested upon by correcting the faults to which he was most attached, that if he had secrets which he was unwilling that any one should read, or habits of an objectionable nature to which he clung with tenacity (and who has not?), he shrank within himself, and would have fled; but flight was impossible with that far stronger will holding him to the spot. He must stay, and he must listen. He was not subjected to an inquisitorial examination, he might even, if he chose, for the most part remain silent; but there he must remain until dismissed with a discourse impressed upon his memory that would give him food for reflec-

tion to the latest day of his life, and likewise with a reverential regard for the stranger, capable either of easily ripening into discipleship, or of turning into the bitterest hate and deadliest persecution. On what principle he chose the objects of these personal efforts, not even himself, it is probable, could have told. They may or may not have been peculiarly open to conviction, or devoted to the right, or in search of the truth, or inclined to the teachings he had to offer : it does not appear that they belonged to any particular class under any intelligible classification. That there may have been some higher law under which they were elected to enjoy the privilege of such memorable instruction, is a more grateful hypothesis than that chance or arbitrary favor controlled their selection. Our conjecture is that the prophet himself was only sensible of an impulse, which it was not his to resist, leading him towards a certain individual; and that, in obedience to this, he perhaps immediately spoke to the man, or else pursued him with dignified but rapid strides, or, as we have seen, brought him to a stand by the power of a glance that appeared to penetrate everything, and to be absolutely irresistible. In less degree such power doubtless resides in many, if not, as is highly

probable, in all. The influence of spirit directly upon spirit—what wonder that a spirit such as Elijah's had grown to be should wield it resistlessly?

As for imitating the manner of proclamation found so efficacious by Jonah in the Assyrian capital, the rapid and certain spreading of information by the daily press might have been thought to supersede it altogether. The "man of God," however, was not of that opinion, but judged that there lay a persuasive force in the living voice which dumb paper could never appropriate to itself. The strongest objection to the employment of this method was the invincible irreverence of the populace, the astounding tendency to make all sacred subjects the occasion for blasphemous merriment and ridicule. In Babylon, or Nineveh, or Damascus, or Askelon what gods they had were recipients of some respect; but in Christian cities, in the century of which we write, a visitor from another planet might have doubted whether any being was respected at all, low or high, human or divine. Here was a reason for not adopting this method very extensively in the day-time. Still, not infrequently the busy clerks in offices on the great business streets, or the loungers in

up-town mansions, or the crowded and degraded tenants swarming in huge and rickety tenement-houses, would, at any hour of the day, be startled by a cry of most solemn import, in most musical tones, rising above all the din and uproar, borne in upon them from they could not tell where. But in the still hours when Night had fairly established her dominion and chained the senses in the flowery bonds of slumber, many a sleeper heard in his dreams a clear, sweet voice stirring most delightful memories of the half-forgotten past by its entrancing melody, and shaping itself, little by little, into a distinct and startling cry, that was not an alarm of fire, nor a warning of sedition, nor a call to arm against the nation's enemy, nor yet altogether a precursor of the Archangel's trumpet, but as much like the last as the tolling of the bell when the sad procession enters the church is like that when it files out again and into the grave-yard.

As a street-preacher Elijah undeniably possessed matchless ability. Everything was in his favor; even his great stature, drawing attention and insuring a certain kind of respect everywhere and in all companies; his dignified bearing and venerable aspect; his enormous strength, enabling him to disarm opposition in the most

effective manner ; his tremendous force of voice, by which he was protected from fear of being silenced by anything short of a steam-whistle. All these physical qualifications, added to the mental and moral ones, which need not be enumerated, made him wonderfully successful in his efforts at gathering, retaining, and swaying vast congregations on the streets. Even municipal regulations and the necessities of traffic were compelled to yield. He was known more than once, at least so all the newspapers, with strange unanimity, said, to lay his hand upon the brake-handle of an electric-car (the cars running on the left-hand track), and keep it there while he addressed a crowd that had gathered on the obstructed rails, and then, when the opposite-bound car had stopped within reach, to seize its brake-handle in the same manner ; and so, with apparent unconsciousness, block both tracks for an hour or two. What could be done ? Men enough could not take hold of his hands to remove them ; the police tugging at him or threatening him were as Lilliputians attacking Gulliver ; a dense throng soon made movement of car or man impracticable, and, moreover, rendered any attempt to disturb him dangerous ; and, to crown all, the very officers of car and



city, speedily lost all desire to cut short a discourse in which their own interest had become most intense. At the close he might remark; "Now that the business of Heaven has been attended to, that of earth may proceed," release the two handles, and move off, unquestioned by the offended majesty of the law.

Why was he not arrested and prosecuted? Why are not many persons who notoriously and ostentatiously transgress the laws to serve their own selfish ends taken to task for their flagrant iniquities? If the law so readily accommodates itself to the mercenary connivance of corrupt officials, it is no great matter that it should for once have been blind to infringements of statutes, enacted for the convenience of the municipality, and rightly enough suspended for the higher welfare of its citizens by the force of public opinion. And besides, who was to arrest him? He would quietly pick up a platoon or two of irate policemen and set them out of his way, two at a time, as if they had been wooden soldiers. Should they call out the military to surround him with bayonets and drive him into the jail? What would be the moral effect on an unruly populace of a governor's proclamation reciting the inability of the entire police force of a great city to arrest

one man with no weapons and no following? Upon the whole it was deemed wiser, unless matters should proceed to extremities, not to take any notice of a harmless enthusiast, whose influence, if left to himself, was almost sure to wane speedily.

What had he to preach that could hold the attention of the crowd and keep it from melting away? Was it a distinct religion that he proclaimed, something quite distinct from Christianity, a modified Judaism, some species of resuscitated paganism, a doctrine borrowed from existent forms of heathenism, an attenuated philosophy too transcendental for mortal flesh and blood? Whatever his opponents may have said or thought about him, he at least claimed to be thoroughly loyal to Jesus of Nazareth, crucified and risen again. Did he strive to draw disciples around him with a view to establishing a new sect flying a standard of distinct dogma? If anywhere within him lurked any such design, or any desire to see such a consummation brought about, no intimation of its existence ever transpired. On the contrary, he did not even appear to favor the formation of any society to promote the peculiar views which he advocated with so much boldness and success, but to be perfectly content

to make proclamation and let the seed sown take care of itself. What he preached was Christianity pure and simple, with the added particular that the Crucified One was about to reappear, soon, but not at any definite time which he would or could specify ; and yet, the thousands who listened to him felt that there was some difference between his teachings and what was being taught from myriads of orthodox pulpits. When urged to put a finger upon that difference, they strove in vain to do so or even to form a distinct idea of it for themselves. Some spoke of the terrible earnestness of his utterance, but did not venture to dispute that countless Christian preachers were as much in earnest as their natures permitted. Others brought forward the high standard of living which he so powerfully advocated, but, when pressed, were obliged to admit that it was no uncommon thing for ministers to enforce by precept, if not by example, a strictness of conduct and an exaltation of sentiment quite too ethereal for the mass of their hearers. Nevertheless the unanimous decision of intelligent listeners was that they had never had Christianity presented to them in that light before. Perhaps even more conclusive evidence was the bitter hostility his preaching ex-

cited, in unbelievers who were altogether tolerant of the ordinary Christian pulpit, and also in many representative members of all Christian denominations. This state of affairs could hardly have existed unless there had been some very radical difference between Elijah's Christianity and the accepted Christianity of the time. To demand a definition or succinct statement of this difference would be to impose a task which the thoughtful reader perceives to be Herculean, and which he also discerns would involve a disquisition wholly out of place in a volume historical rather than didactic. But we will perhaps be assisted towards a solution by the suggestion that the peculiarity lay rather in the combination of many unusual features, than in the originality or exceeding strangeness of any one, or of any two or three, pronounced features of the wonderful prophet's sermons to the populace.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A MODEL SERVICE AND A MODEL PRIEST.

UPON returning from the day's outing which so sadly disappointed his hopes, Mr. Delancey found a telegram awaiting him with a summons to the bedside of his father in Alaska. Amid the hasty preparations for his departure, uncertain whether his absence might not be prolonged for years, he snatched an opportunity to bid farewell to the lady whom he loved none the less sincerely and ardently that she had considerably wounded his self-esteem that memorable day. In a mood to be contented with nothing less than a definite acceptance of his suit, the interview was not, at the time, eminently satisfactory to him, though, as the soreness gradually wore away, his sanguine nature fixed upon several incidents as justly affording encouragement. When is healthy youth long despondent?

Taking the Yukon Express on the great Trans-

verse road for Behring's Strait and St. Petersburg, and traveling at such speed, night and day, with hardly a stop, that no idea at all could be formed of the country passed through, except perhaps whether it was level or mountainous, he soon arrived at his father's elegant home in a great glass-enclosed park on the banks of Alaska's greatest river. Here, beneath the lofty roof of the gigantic structure which freely admitted light and warmth while it excluded cold, wind, storm, and snow, he and his household enjoyed a comparatively equable temperature throughout the long, arctic winters, and lived luxuriously upon the profits of a flourishing factory in which for many years he had carried on, with great success, the business of canning fish. His life was supposed to be in a very precarious condition. Indeed several of the best physicians had pronounced it impossible for him to live many days, unless he sought a milder climate. Whereupon he promptly dismissed them all, gave imperative orders that no physician should be admitted into the house, poured out with his own hand the contents of every bottle of medicine he could find, resolved to stay right where he was and to get well if Providence would permit him. He thought the

problem over very carefully, and presently began to recall a theory which he had read of, somewhere, to the effect that, if the body is diseased, a most important thing is to remove the effete matter which is clogging the whole system, that exercise is the ordained agency for accomplishing this, that voluntary exercise is often too exhaustive for invalids to take enough of it, and that involuntary movements, produced by hand treatment or by machinery, will take the place of volitional exercise, causing the desirable activity of circulation both in the organism at large and, if properly applied, in the part enfeebled or otherwise impaired. Being a person of great common sense, he saw at once the reasonableness of such a view, and, being a man of prompt action, he presented himself at the door of a Swedish Movement Cure within an hour. In two weeks he was a well man, but did not forget the admonition he had received to husband his resources. It was necessary that some one should relieve him of a portion of his burden as the head of a great establishment, and the proper one to do this seemed to be the son just arrived. After several years, however, a very advantageous offer to buy the entire business

was accepted, and the whole family concluded to return to their native home in the East.

One Sunday morning Charles Delancey rejoiced to think that he was back in Mycenæ, and eagerly scanned the newspaper for information about services at St. Chrysostom's. The Sunday bulletin was cabalistic but intelligible: "H. C. at 7:30 A. M., M. S. at 10:30 A. M., A. S. at 3:30 P. M., E. S. at 7:30 P. M." Resisting his better impulses, he concluded to wait for the morning service, and then to go early and secure a seat that would enable him to attract a certain young lady's attention, in case, as he most anxiously hoped, she should be present. Mycenæ itself was little changed, and he had no difficulty in making his way to where he had often stood before the plain front of the familiar old structure. There towered a fine, substantial stone edifice three or four times as large as the one he remembered. What could that parish want with so vast a structure? The congregation would be lost in it. And what was this? Had he mistaken the hour? Only ten o'clock, and yet people were pouring up the broad steps in crowds! He would go in too, and see. This was sure,—the service had not begun, and, if he desired to secure any seat at all, it would be as



well to look for one forthwith, as the church was already two-thirds full. In fifteen minutes more every seat was taken, the sittings being absolutely free, and the duty of the ushers being mainly to prevent selfish individuals from taking up too much room. Five minutes before the time for beginning, Delancey heard the great doors close with an inevitable jar, and understood that thenceforward ingress was denied, except through a carefully guarded postern for the remaining few minutes till the clergy should enter the chancel. Rising slightly, he gazed around him with amazement at the dense throng that packed the large church to the very steps of the chancel, leaving not so much as standing room for one more. Was this some grand occasion? As he remembered St. Chrysostom's, the morning congregation did not half fill a building that was by no means large. He was strongly inclined to ask a young man who sat next, when his wonder was still more excited by seeing several men, with pointed rods, take seats in balconies that projected from pillars at a considerable height from the floor and were so arranged as to command, when taken together, a view of the whole congregation. He also observed, in the body of the

church, several policemen in full uniform. More desirous than before of gaining information, he leaned a little towards the utterly unresponsive youth, and was putting a brief inquiry to him when the gentle tinkling of an electric bell startled him, and he was almost alarmed at seeing a policeman advancing towards him, as fast as he could work his way through the crowd. Having reached the end of the pew, the official faced round directly at our friend, displayed in his right hand a small, neat placard containing the words, "No Talking. Warning No. 1," held it in plain sight a full minute, and returned to his seat. The abashed visitor understood instantly why his neighbor had been so deaf to his interrogatory, and perceived with great clearness that the rules which were posted in conspicuous places were inexorably enforced. He conjectured that few young couples were likely to do their courting or flirting, or brazen members of the fashionable world to do their lounging, in St. Chrysostom's, with the almost absolute certainty of having a rod pointed at them in the sight of the whole congregation as an indicator for a policeman to administer a public warning, to be followed, if the offense should be persisted in, by ignominious expulsion.

With the choir rose the whole congregation as one man, and took up the old familiar tune of "The Church is one foundation," singing it with a heartiness which was truly inspiring. Every one was supplied with the printed service. Many had brought their own books, others had taken a prayer-book and hymnal from a set of shelves as they entered, and the remainder had been handed a small pamphlet containing in good type the services for that morning. The clergy entered quietly and knelt in silent devotion, followed by the vast assembly. Mr. Hilary's voice sounded as in the old days, and he seemed obliged to make no greater effort than then. In the Confession, young Delancey was reminded, for the first time in a church, of "the voice of a great multitude." Strong voices and weak voices let themselves out, keeping almost exact time with the clear, ringing voice of the minister, and maintaining throughout a tone of sadness and solemnity, well fitted to express, and also either to create or promote, a feeling of genuine contrition. The Absolution was received with a hush that was most solemn, and indeed fell little short of being awful. Then came the Lord's Prayer in full, loud, earnest tones of supplication. Almost with the precision of the drill-room, the

entire mass rose from their knees and joined in the Venite.

How contagious was the gladsome call to come and sing unto the Lord, sounding forth from thousands of throats in joyous strains! How could any one resist the impulse to shout with the rest? The choir consisted of one hundred souls, but they understood perfectly well that their function was merely to lead the congregation, and not at all to act as proxies for them. Antiphonal singing was frequently employed, and even solos were not unknown, but the bulk of the singing was congregational in the fullest sense. When asked by members of the choir whether they might sing solos, the reply of the rector was, "Certainly. Sing solos occasionally, if you wish, but don't feel warranted in complaining if you happen to receive undesired assistance from the congregation. There are, and probably always will be, persons who claim the right of taking audible part in all the praises of God offered in the Sanctuary, when they are present. I belong to that number myself so far at least that I cannot permit them to be in any way disturbed, even though the artistic effect of a fine solo be greatly marred or entirely destroyed. If you desire to use solos, you must

take that risk. I do not disapprove of them, but I do think them perilous." As a result they were heard only very seldom in St. Chrysostom's. At the weekly practising the congregation were welcomed, they being often urged from the chancel to be present, and hundreds habitually availing themselves of the privilege; so that, whenever anything new was introduced, there were people all through the body of the church who could swell the volume of praise. Like most who heard the music of St. Chrysostom's for the first time, Mr. Delancey was almost lifted off of his feet by it. Though no singer, he could not choose but sing. With everybody around him giving forth full-throated and full-hearted songs of thanksgiving, his mouth opened of itself, and he felt his own voice borne along upon the tide of rapturous adoration. For a moment he was ashamed of his enthusiasm, and about to make a desperate effort to check himself, then another crested billow of praise engulfed him, and, when it rolled on shoreward, left him striking out vigorously towards the comparatively smooth sea beyond the breakers. Very soon he was swimming contentedly with the rest, casting no regretful glance towards shore.

The rector read the first verse of the Psalter. The second verse was to Mr. Delancey a surprise that fairly staggered him. The people were on their feet now, and had gotten fairly under headway. Every one had the place and read out emulously. The effect was startling to strangers, so great was the volume of sound. Hardly less surprising than the loudness was the uniformity of the responding. There was absolutely no hurrying to the end. The rector set the pace in his own reading, and the congregation unanimously fell into it. If a few strangers or naturally rapid talkers began to run ahead of the rest, they were soon brought down to the standard by the force of an overwhelming majority. Mr. Hilary sometimes remarked that he would have preferred to chant the Psalter, and that his reason for not doing so as yet was simply that the musical training of the congregation would not have warranted such a step.

The interest of the congregation rather increased than flagged as the services proceeded. The rector, Delancey thought, was the same Mr. Hilary as of old ; and yet, hearing him again after a long interval, he was struck with the excellence of his reading. This remarkable man neither whined nor drawled ; he read, and read un-

derstandingly and appreciatively, but undramatically and unaffectedly, in a clear, strong, natural voice extremely pleasant to the ear. His reading carried every word to the dullest ear in the remotest corner, and, at the same time, was a running commentary and a continued exhortation. His custom was to take the whole service himself, feeling that, as the duty devolved upon him of preaching himself and thus giving his people the benefit of his knowledge, experience, and ability, instead of modestly standing aside and subjecting them to the crudities and oddities of other men who were not their rector, so it was incumbent upon him, occupying the position of responsibility, to deprive them of no advantage they might obtain from his power and skill in rendering the service.

One of the grandest of hymns is that well-known one beginning ;

“ Our Lord is risen from the dead ;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.”

It formed the Introit. There is nothing particularly emotional in it, but actually our young friend could with the greatest difficulty keep back the tears, so thoroughly did the innumera-

ble throng around him seem to catch the spirit of the sacred composition, and with such tremendous energy did they throw themselves into the singing of it, as though that were the great business of life. But when it came to "Coronation," and the united voices of all those people rose, and sank, and swelled high again, their bodies swaying in unison as their chests heaved and fell, the young man thought he felt the ground rock under him. It seemed as though no building could contain those bursts of sound, as though its walls, like those of Jericho, must yield, and as though everything and everybody must be swept upwards by the rising tide of spiritual harmony. The mighty organ crashed and pealed in magnificent *crescendos*, while the worshipers gave back the sound in vocal efforts so tremendous that their whole being threatened to dissolve into a flood of music, and so spontaneous that not till afterwards were they conscious of exertion. Yet the whole was unstudied, unsought, as far removed as possible from all straining after effect. It was the healthy expression of natural human emotion running in the deepest and broadest of all channels, the religious.

The church had no pulpit. Mr. Hilary read his text from the great Bible, and then took his



stand full before the congregation under the middle of the chancel arch. He never used a manuscript, he never would use one, he did not own a written sermon. He said that he would as soon have thought of borrowing a pair of crutches and hobbling through the streets as of preaching from a paper: God had mercifully given him the power of walking on his feet without the aid of crutches or canes, and he did not propose to act as if he were a cripple. He hinted that it was easy enough to write trash and drivel in a man's study, but that to stand up and be riddled by the contempt of a disappointed congregation and feel that you deserved your punishment for talking nonsense was an experience that, once undergone, would force any man of ordinary sensibility to study and think long and hard before he ventured to address an audience again. Bishop after bishop, in his younger days, had tried to put him down, had sneered at him, had demanded of him whether he thought himself so much abler than his betters, had insolently told him out and out that he had not the capacity to preach extemporaneously, had done everything but actually command him to read his sermons, and driven him out because he would not do what to him would have been to

make a fool of himself. He had quietly persevered and now those same men could not draw a tenth of the congregation that came to him unsought. One bishop, who had been peculiarly contemptuous and overbearing towards him, was widely advertised to preach, one Sunday, at another church in Mycenæ. When the time came he had half a congregation, while it was computed that two thousand people were shut out of St. Chrysostom's when the great doors closed on an almost impenetrable throng. Moreover the bishop had the mortification of hearing that St. Chrysostom's was crowded that way three times a Sunday, week in and week out, and year after year. The most marked peculiarity of Mr. Hilary was that, if you went three times a day, you liked his third sermon the best, and, if you heard him two hundred times in a year, the last was almost invariably among his best, the secret being merely that he never spoke unless he had something he was anxious to say.

Delancey went three times that Sunday, and remarked that the preaching grew upon him. And, at the same time, very much to his amazement as he contrasted the large, crowded church of the present with the small, empty one of the

past, he could hardly perceive any difference in the preacher. It was the same frank, honest, thoughtful man speaking his mind simply and fearlessly, modestly and reverently, kindly and earnestly. He had grown, doubtless, for he was a growing man ; but yet to our friend he was the same as of old. How then had his popularity been won ? It was some time before the young man was able to answer this question at all to his own satisfaction ; but at length he hit upon this advantage in Mr. Hilary's present position, that his arguments and exhortations were now supported by the success of the great reform movement which was sweeping over the world. What before had fallen flat upon hearts that comforted themselves by reflecting that nobody else believed as Mr. Hilary did, now pierced through all barriers, because the orator could significantly point to the majestic figure of the great prophet and his wonderful success.

## **CHAPTER IX.**

### **A GREAT GATHERING AND ITS WOEFUL END.**

THE eloquent preacher, the foremost of the age with the exception of Elijah himself, received many most urgent solicitations to remove to larger cities, especially New York, but for a long time he declined them all. At last Trinity parish offered to erect an enormous church especially for him, in a central location, and allow him liberty for any amount of street preaching. The venerable prophet strenuously insisting that he should accept this most liberal proposition, and also take the leadership of the new movement throughout the city, he could not resist longer, the will of Heaven manifesting itself so plainly. Sad at heart, he left an inconsolable flock, and immediately became the oracle of the metropolis. He was thenceforth more publicly what he had been all along, the great prophet's coadjutor.


New York was the headquarters of the reformers, as its proud metropolitan position, head of the Anglican world, and therefore head of the civilized world, fully justified its being considered and treated. Hardly a large city on the globe was unvisited by the Man of God or unaffected by his preaching. After a firm footing had once been established in the mighty emporium of the Hudson, all the rest followed as a matter of course. For a time all flowed smoothly, as the tide sets up the beautiful river on a calm day, but, soon enough, deadly opposition was sure to arise.

So long as the formation of a new sect was threatened, this was so much in the Devil's own line that he smiled approvingly; and he was slow to discover his mistake; but when the fact did dawn upon his sagacity, he saw at a glance that his best chance was to stir up the Anglican clergy against a movement which was seriously disturbing their peace. With his habitual promptitude, he set to work in good earnest at his task, but of course did not propose, by any means, to incite the ministers of the Church alone. He went and listened to Elijah a time or two, and never an auditor was more attentive than he. Vast was his astonishment at hearing

the preacher declare his identity. A sneer flitted over the Satanic countenance, but swiftly gave place to a deep and settled frown as the conviction fastened itself upon him that the man was speaking the truth. He wormed his way around until he could look full into the speaker's face. A glance was enough. He had met Elijah before, and remembered well a certain pitched battle, in which he had carried off four hundred and fifty captives, if not more, hurled at him in scorn, and yet suffered one of the worst defeats he had ever experienced on earth until he tried his wiles in the wilderness upon a faint and starving solitary, who dismissed him with the stern command, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He did not love the man; nor was he partial to Mr. Hilary. From much of the preaching commonly in vogue he could derive comfort enough, but very little indeed could he extract from the well-weighed, earnest speech of these two and such as they. It was evident that there was call for prompt action, unless he were content to be driven to the wall. The prospect was not encouraging, but he would do what he could to promote the anarchy of the Pit.

At first the wolves snapped and snarled at a respectful distance. Pack after pack, however,

gathered on the outskirts of the camp, and their howlings became more annoying. The timid shuddered, grew pale, and thought of flight. Still the ravenous beasts increased and grew bolder. From every side they came. The whiskey interest was alarmed, and summoned the clans. Municipal corruption trembled for its dominion, and unleashed the dogs of war. Licentiousness, legal and illegal, hissed with the malignity of a thousand adders. Those addicted to the arts of robbery under the guise of games of chance, lavished their spoils in subsidizing the press. The fashionable circles spared no ridicule nor slander that promised to do injury. The spirit of sectarianism was up in arms, brandishing the memory of a fagot and the threat of a sword. Bigotry marshaled its well-drilled legions, and bade them slay, burn, and destroy. Brotherly hatred nursed its envy of superior worth, and fawned and smirked with ready sycophancy, while its keen and sleepless eye detected every chance for inserting a damaging word of faint praise, and watched with a tiger's eagerness for the opportunity to glut itself upon a fallen and helpless foe. A goodly company surely, and plastic to the touch of the arch-fiend! All that was lacking was an organizing head.



All the criminal classes were champing the bit, the socialist was ready to let off his explosive theories, the anarchist was panting to cast the bomb of villainous cowardice ; all were unanimous that the mighty voice of the " Man of God " must in some way be silenced : piety and impiety, hypocritical goodness and brazen badness, were in the humor to clasp hands and swear fraternity ; cowardice was incensed to the pitch of braving danger, procrastination would consent to exhibit promptitude, and recklessness would learn to curb its impatience, with the end in view that was so ardently desired. A competent leader, either Satan incarnate or some worthy representative of him, was the one thing needed. In the meantime, however, each division of the black host fought pertinaciously on its own lines.

Every effort was made to annoy the street preachers and break up their audiences. Hootings, yellings, whistlings, brass-bands, fire-alarms, throwing of missiles, everything was resorted to. The less able and the more timid were considerably disconcerted ; but as for the chief offender, so great was his influence over the mass that the rioters were apt to receive very rough handling. On one occasion, for example, when a band neglected to heed the warning given them and



persisted in playing, a sudden charge was made, their instruments wrenched from them and broken into pieces, and they themselves mauled and beaten till they were glad to escape with their lives.

The rage of conflict mounted to fury, and almost threatened an insurrection. At the height of the madness, a leader unexpectedly showed himself, formed a plan of campaign, and displayed great ability in putting it into execution. The "First Consul" of France seemed to have reappeared in America. Whence he emanated, who he was, what he was, nobody, to judge at least from the conflicting rumors, had any reliable knowledge. It was currently reported, and firmly believed by many, among whom could be counted men not at all given to credulity, that he was the great Enemy of mankind himself in bodily form. Others poured unstinted ridicule upon a theory more worthy, as they claimed, of the thirteenth than of the twenty-first century, and affirmed that he was merely an accomplished pupil of Shelley and Byron. An impenetrable wall of mystery surrounded him. He was chary of showing himself to the public, and, when the pretense of doing so had to be made for the gratification of the mob, he always

contrived to hide himself so completely among his immediate followers that not even the initiated could distinguish him. Some even professed to believe that he was a fictitious personage created to inspire confidence in the mob. This supposition, plausible enough in some ways, failed to account for the unity and decision that characterized the counsels of darkness from the day of his reputed appearance.

Soon after noon one Sunday, early in October, continuous streams of respectable people were to be observed traveling northwards by every means of conveyance available. They did not wear the appearance of pleasure-seekers going out of the great metropolis to enjoy the fresh, cool air, the gorgeous hues of the autumnal landscape, and the pure bright sky: their gait, their bearing, their conversation indicated unmistakably some engrossing object of pursuit. Cars of every description on every route running in that direction, were filled to overflowing, carry-alls, coaches, stages, were rolling along every street and road, boats innumerable were landing their passengers as near the place of concourse as possible, bicycles made the air musical with their silvery bells, foot-passengers by scores and hundreds, with all degrees of ease

and difficulty, were making their way towards the common destination. The city seemed to be emptying itself by one common impulse into the country, and provoked a conjecture as to how long the process would take. The travelers carried too little with them to be flying from a threatened bombardment, but their haste could hardly have been greater had that been the case. Few failed to exclaim, more than once, that the afternoon services would be very slimly attended.

It was sure that something would not be slimly attended. After long consultation with Mr. Hilary and others, Elijah had determined to announce an afternoon service, for this Sunday only, to be held in a large park belonging to a most devoted adherent of the new movement, capable of holding far more people than even he could address at once, and favorably situated on the outskirts of New York. One hundred thousand people, at the very least, most of them kindly disposed towards the most venerable of prophets, and very many of them enthusiastic believers in his mission, stood eager to join in the opening hymn, when, at three o'clock, he arose to announce the "Rock of Ages." Thousands were still swarming into sight from every quarter,

tens of thousands were still on the road. If a demonstration had been intended, nothing could have been a greater success; but the object was rather to encourage the adherents of reform, and advise them how to act under the serious opposition they were encountering. The service was exceedingly hearty and commendably devotional, but short and informal. Several addresses were attempted, and speedily given up because the speakers felt their utter inability to reach a third or a tenth of the tremendous throng. Mr. Hilary succeeded measurably well, but he was the only one till the well-known face of the Man of God beamed upon the multitude that loved him. Never was the eloquent orator in better vein than under the inspiration of the greatest audience that ever greeted human being. There were no signs of failing in the glorious voice that rolled over that sea of glowing faces, or in the mighty form that stood so firm and erect, the arms swaying in graceful gesticulation, or crossed upon the broadest, deepest chest that ever responded to the cry of human lungs for breath, or with one hand or both resting on the top of his rough, thick staff; and there was a strain of pathos noticeable in his discourse that made the tear-drops form in many eyes.

This grew more pronounced towards the close. He suffered himself to become more confidential than was customary with him, telling them that he felt himself growing old. Now, at length, after three thousand years of waiting, the infirmities of age seemed to be creeping upon him. How glad he would be to receive an honorable discharge, if only he could feel assured that they, his beloved *children*, if he might venture to call them so, would not forget their loyalty to their crowned King. He was talking thus familiarly to them in his thundering, but exquisitely modulated, voice, and sobs were beginning to be audible, when a great commotion arose at the eastern gate, followed by the noise of explosives and the rush of crowds. The uproar increased, bombs continued to explode, and the shrieks of fear mingled with the cries of agony. Regardless of the terrible slaughter produced, those dreadful missiles fell nearer and nearer the platform. Neither Elijah nor Ambrose Hilary was the man to fly from danger, thereby deserting the post of duty. Strong and vigorous as they were, they could not resist dynamite. They realized the situation, and felt the natural impulse to escape, but put away the thought with abhorrence, and unflinchingly awaited the catas-

trophe, hoping and praying that it might be instant death. The object of the attacking party was, however, not to kill, but to capture the dreaded foe and prolong the agony of defeat and death. A bomb exploding near the platform felled them both. Instantly there was a furious rush. The two mighty forms were bound with steel chains of massive size, and thrown into a huge van, which drove up at a frantic pace, and dashed off at a gallop with the unconscious captives to some hidden den of the Dragon or his emissary.

## CHAPTER X.

## A HEROIC ATTEMPT AT RESCUE AND ITS RESULTS.

A DOOR in a large room of a deep sub-cellar opened, and a being in man's form entered wearing a most diabolical look of malicious triumph. With all his shrewdness, he had made a miscalculation, as he soon found to his cost. He had chloroformed the prisoners so heavily that he had made sure they would not recover for a long while, and was entering their dungeon carelessly to gloat upon fallen greatness ; but he now perceived that their healthy and vigorous constitutions had speedily thrown off the effects of the drug, and that they were sitting up and perhaps capable, with their gigantic strength, of doing him an injury. However, being no coward, he advanced towards them, observing the precaution of leaving the door open. He paused out of their reach, and malignantly regarded them. They returned his gaze fixedly. With

irrepressible loathing, but without a symptom either of fear or of supplication. Mr. Hilary's mild eye soon turned from him ; not so Elijah's. The dim light which struggled through the dirt of a sky-light in an upper floor was sufficient to flash back from the eye-balls of the stern prophet, and to pierce through and through the Adversary, who was instantly rooted to the spot, and almost as quickly subdued absolutely. Not a word was spoken till the Adversary uttered a peculiar call that summoned an attendant, to whom he gave the command, "Release these men." Never a word spoke Elijah all the time the chains were being removed from him and his fellow-prisoner, but his eye never swerved for a moment. The three were left alone. Another summons brought another attendant, to receive the order, "Prepare the strong room upstairs, and when that is done send the guard." During the transference, the man of sin was compelled to walk slowly backwards through the halls and up many flights of stairs, his eye ever chained to the prophet's. Then, in comparative comfort and in a much stronger light, the three seated themselves. Watching intently, Mr. Hilary could see the eye of the prophet turn on its full power. Beneath it the evil shape, unable even



to tremble, visibly shriveled and shriveled. Who can tell the pangs of Hell suffered by that creature of darkness as the light of righteous Heaven smote upon it in the righteous glance of the "Man of God?" Would he repent beneath that look? Not he. Cower and shrivel he did, but no thought of reform, no sentiment of softening sorrow found lodgment in that obdurate breast. With a sigh of regret, Elijah, still silent, relaxed his gaze into a permission to retire. In a flash the wretched being was gone, fleeing, with a mingled shriek of despair and howl of baffled rage, as from the open mouth of his future home and from the biting blade of the avenging archangel.

"Father," said the Christian Gentile, "shall we now push our advantage, and effect our escape, as I think we easily may do?"

"Not so, my dear brother," replied the other; "my power extends no further. I may not deliver myself nor you. There is that within which bids me await the Lord's pleasure."

The younger man turned his face to the wall, and sank into deep meditation. It seemed to him that the chances of escape for one of his extraordinary endowments were great enough to warrant a trial. He thought of the interrupted

work of his parish, and of the great reform movement, of wife and children, of friends and relatives, of home and freedom ; he thought of a long and dreary captivity, and of a violent and cruel death ; he thought over the hopelessness of discovery and rescue, and almost formed the resolution to force his way out or die in the attempt. Then he thought again, and rising went to Elijah, grasped his hand, and exclaimed :

“ Father, your lot is mine. We will die together.”

A secret meeting of the conspirators was held, to congratulate each other over the joyous event, and to deliberate about future action. The first question was, what should be done with the dreaded captives. Such contrariant elements were not easily to be harmonized even by the Prince of Wickedness himself. It had been no easy matter to gain the consent of the religious and the moral men to the use of deadly explosives in the attack upon the Sunday assembly. It had only been won, after weeks of hesitation, by the unctuous eloquence of a certain divine, whose name or denomination we studiously withhold, who pleaded the greatness of the good end proposed, as justifying the use of the only means that could prove effective, now that all

others had been put to the test. In the present instance the difficulty was hardly inferior, for the extreme party was bent on nothing less than a public death of lingering torture. Even those whose feelings of humanity or ideas of policy were most opposed to this devilish scheme, were soon silenced when they began to hint at the illegality of such a procedure, it being too manifest that the magistrates would only be too glad to be rid of the dreaded prophet, and that, on the other hand, they were so thoroughly under the control of the conspirators that they would persist in being deaf to all warnings, and blind to all deeds of lawless violence perpetrated by them. Still the design was horrible to the last degree, and hard to reconcile with certain advanced theories of universal peace, love, and mercy that had been loudly proclaimed, for a century or two, by religionist and secularist alike. When all were exhausted by the protracted session, the most politic and unscrupulous of all the professed anarchists moved that the whole matter be referred, with power to act, to a committee of twenty to be appointed by the chair. A perceptible tremor ran through the house, for every one saw instantly what this meant. Before the stupefied assembly had time to recover

itself, the motion was seconded, put, and declared carried unanimously. A sigh of half-relief, which arose from many at having the responsibility thus, ostensibly, lifted from their shoulders, was cut short by a motion, made and carried with equal rapidity, that every one present should renew his oath of absolute loyalty to the Order of Isis. Thus they fell down and worshiped the Bomb and the Fagot, and they, many of them, the shining lights, the apostles of progress, the leading advocates of "liberty, equality and fraternity," in the Twenty-first Century!

We may well pass rapidly over the sickening story of the utterly futile efforts that were made by the friends and adherents of the illustrious prisoners to discover their prison, and to effect their release and the punishment of the lawless and murderous ruffians who had seized them. Many of the ablest, the wealthiest, and the most-honored citizens of New York devoted all their energies to the righting of a frightful wrong, which, they fully realized, would be an indelible blot upon the escutcheons of city, state, nation, and civilization. They accomplished absolutely nothing, unless it was to hasten the execution of the atrocious plot which was to set earth and Heaven at defiance. At this precise moment a

great strike began in Buffalo, and immediately ran into such demonstrations of riot that the whole available military force of the State was ordered to the scene of rebellion. Simultaneously a wild rumor was circulated of a monster meeting, to be held on the twenty-first day of November, at the very place of capture, and of a horrible sacrifice then and there to be made to the infernal gods, a holocaust worthy of the Aztec, of pagan Rome, or of mediæval Spain.

The brothers, sons, and cousins of Mr. Hilary were naturally, together with his wife, the slowest to acquiesce in the sense of failure. Nothing that could be done was left undone by them, and when the awful day was near at hand, and nothing had been accomplished, they met together and swore most solemnly, the men of them, to make a desperate attempt to rescue him and the revered prophet by the strong arm. They were a mere handful, and showed no desire to recruit their ranks, evidently preferring to depend upon themselves, under God, for success; nor does their confidence seem so greatly misplaced when their almost superhuman strength is taken into consideration. The leadership was readily conceded to Stephen, the Reverend Mr. Hilary's oldest son, a youth of almost gigantic size, dis-

tinguished even among his own kindred for his prowess, magnificently endowed mentally, devotedly attached to his father, and near the end of his course as a theological student. His family felt sure that if human being could pierce that throng and liberate the captives, Stephen Hilary, able to handle the strongest of ordinary men like an infant, fierce as a lion, and cool as a veteran, would do it; he would do it, or perish with his face to the front.

On the afternoon of the twentieth of November, Stephen took a train for New York, to attend a meeting that was to be held that evening. Sixty miles from the city the cars came to a dead stop, after having run slowly for some time, and it was learned by the passengers that the whole road was blocked by a very bad wreck. Strange to say, it was announced that no provision had yet been made for forwarding the passengers on the other side of the break. Strong suspicion arose in some minds that there had been foul play, and also that some unseen influence was holding the railroad officials back. Delancey was one of those delayed, and chafed greatly under the detention. Catching sight of Hilary, he went to him in great perturbation, and asked what could be done. A plan was soon formed

and put into operation. Delancey rushed towards the baggage car, and speedily returned pushing his wheel. He mounted it, and proceeded to labor up a steep hill with the other striding along easily by his side. Arrived at the top, they almost immediately gained the high-road and turned their faces southward. There had lately been very heavy rains, so that the track was not in good condition. Nevertheless, the bicycler started off at a lively pace, and the foot traveler threw his head well back, squared his shoulders so as to bring the chest well forward, bent his arms till the clenched hands nearly touched his breast, and dropped into a slow run. Gradually Stephen hastened his steps until he knew himself to be going about fifteen miles an hour. It was a fine sight then to watch the elastic bound of that lithe, powerful, tireless form of perfect symmetry, as he sped along. The other had to do his best to keep up with him. Away they flew, passing and distancing all but the fleetest horses, and soon tiring them. Up hill and down, there was no intermission for four hours. It had been a fierce race and well contested, but the rider was so exhausted that his wheel came to a stop, and he alighted hardly able to stand. His friend helped him to a street-

car, and saw him sink into a corner almost in a state of collapse. As the car was motionless and empty, they sat talking very earnestly in low tones, and then Stephen left it just before it started, and continued his own journey at a quick walk, apparently as fresh as when he set out, reaching the rendezvous when wonder was beginning to be expressed at his absence. He now had his suspicions of malicious design corroborated by learning that others of his kindred had been similarly delayed.

It may here be observed that, although considerably younger than his rival, Stephen was also an admirer of Miss Black, and would probably have pressed his suit with all the energy of his character but for the barriers which separated his family from all ordinary mortals, and an instinctive perception of her decided partiality for Charles Delancey, a perception however which, marvelous to relate, did not embitter his mind towards his comrade. The young men had for many years stood towards each other on a footing of the firmest, warmest friendship, notwithstanding their great physical disparity, and had often shared in each other's sports and pastimes, as well as in more serious occupations; and their admiration for the same girl had only



served, in their boyish days, to strengthen the bonds between them, and when the admiration ripened into love, or something near akin to it, these deeper feelings also drew them closer together, coloring their good comradeship with a delightful tinge of romance. Now, for nearly the first time in their lives, a difference had arisen that threatened to mature into a quarrel: Charles insisted upon being allowed to join the forlorn hope on the eventful day, and Stephen kindly and firmly refused to entertain the idea for a moment. The latter was actuated in his refusal by the double motive, that he was unwilling either to jeopardize his friend uselessly, or to hamper himself in the tremendous efforts he knew would be necessary in rescuing his dear father. Charles protested vehemently against being treated as a baby, and urged his right to put his life to any peril in so noble a cause. Doubtless he often reflected on Miss Carrie's rather depreciatory language on a certain ever-memorable day, and craved an opportunity of showing that bravery does not depend on size or muscle; but also he had really profited from the gentle reproaches of the lady he loved, and had perseveringly cultivated manliness of soul; besides which, he was devoted to his old rector, and

a thorough convert to the new movement. Nevertheless, Stephen was obdurate, and could not be induced to withdraw his flat refusal. Thus they parted in strong mutual dissatisfaction, brought to the verge of a quarrel by the very force of their attachment.

The next day was raw and chilly, with a piercing east wind threatening to bring rain long before night-fall. No effort was made to conceal the chosen place of the purposed *auto-da-fe*; but, on the contrary, the conspirators' presumption did not stop short of advertisement by flaunting placard and spicy hand-bill. Long before noon the place of execution was surrounded by a dense crowd of loafers, rowdies, prize-fighters, escaped convicts, ruffians of every description. Later came large numbers of more respectable members of this vile association. At two, room was called for a procession of the worst characters armed to the teeth, many of them blatant anarchists carrying their favorite weapon, the bomb filled with the most deadly explosives. Their gaudy banners, on which were pictures of demons, and flames, and tortured prisoners, painted by no chaste hand, were worthy of Torquemada and Philip II. In the midst were the dignified prisoners, loaded with chains, and rid-

ing backwards on a huge wagon drawn by six powerful horses. Slowly they came on, very slowly at last, for the crowd gave back with great difficulty ; and then the wagon halted close by an extensive platform. At that moment a stentorian voice shouted, " Give back, or take the consequences." A brief pause of amazement and alarm followed, and then two powerful men were hurled through the air, landing on the heads of the crowd many feet distant.

Stephen Hilary was leading the charge. Raising the cry at intervals by way of warning to any innocent persons who might be mixed up with this scum of creation, he seized any of the ruffians he could reach, one in each hand, by arms, legs, clothing, anything he could lay hold of, and flung them right and left with no more effort seemingly than a man would ordinarily put forth in tossing rabbits. Right behind him fought Charles Delancey, striking furiously with a stout cudgel. Pressing close upon him came two uncles of Stephen, sturdy, middle-aged persons of prodigious might, also engaged in hurling men. It was appalling to see how the men flew through the air and the consternation in the neighborhood of their fall. Behind were four more of these " sons of Anak," similarly em-

ployed. Five ranks of four were behind these, the men standing well apart from each other so as to have space to work in. This was all, twenty-seven men, not counting poor Charles Delancey, who was much more a drag upon their movements, by the necessity of protecting him, than any assistance to them by the weight of his arm. Not many to assault such a throng!

It was warm work. Stephen did wonders even among his Herculean kin. Steadily he went on, flinging men in a perfect hail, and making a road through towards his father; steadily his two uncles flung after him. These three held their places, but after a while the first rank of four fell back, the second pushing into their positions to relieve them. At this rate no crowd could withstand them long. Dismay was deepening into panic; the throng in front was opening out with speed, intent apparently upon escaping the dread avengers. Suddenly Stephen found no adversary to clutch, and in another moment there was no obstacle between the little band of heroes and the special guard. Something flew through the air, and struck the ground not far from Stephen, who was still leading. A frightful explosion tore the earth, and sent fragments flying in every direction. Stephen was seen to

fall, Delancey disappeared, the two uncles were down, and the entire front rank was gone. This danger had been anticipated. Without a second's hesitation, dividing to right and left, they retired a little, hemmed the people in, and drove them before them like sheep, resuming the work of pitching when there was any resistance. Now the bomb-throwers were grown more reckless, and in the height of their alarm, dropped the missiles anywhere. Consequently, there was terrible slaughter. Seeing this, the rescuing party made a desperate rush, nearly gaining the goal before they were checked by the impenetrable mass. They immediately resumed the labor of hurling the rabble, but now aimed them at the armed guard. Only a few of the rescuers were on their feet, but they were capable yet of tremendous exertion, and almost dispersed the gang of hired ruffians by the unceasing storm of human missiles, which so endangered them from probable explosion of their own bombs, knocked from their grasp, that they certainly would have fled in a panic but for the prompt action of the leader, who ordered the driver to turn about, and also gave the general command to retire. Four only were left, among them two of Ambrose Hilary's sons who were hardly more than boys.

With simultaneous resolve they sprang through the crowd, and dashed after the retreating wagon; but they were too late. Before they could reach the great iron gates of the enclosure, these had swung to and been bolted and locked. Turning to the fence on both sides, they struggled with prodigious strength and incredible agility to scale it, and succeeded by one mounting on the other's shoulders, and drawing him up after him, but not till all trace of the fugitives had vanished. Overcome by revulsion of feeling more than by their prodigality of exertion, they sank upon the earth, gazing at each other in the stupefaction of despair, and mourned a victory which seemed almost worse than the direst defeat, the loved and venerated captives carried off, and their relatives dead or dreadfully wounded on the battle-field.

About this time Stephen came slowly to his senses, raised himself as well as he could, and looked about him. The first object that caught his eye was what he supposed to be the corpse of poor Charles lying within reach. Moving painfully towards it, he satisfied himself that life was by no means extinct. The truth was that Delancey had been so completely shielded both from the force of the explosion and the flying

fragments by the body of his gigantic comrade that he had escaped without serious injury. However, his present helplessness appealed so strongly to his more robust comrade that the latter made a powerful effort to gain his feet, succeeded beyond his expectation, tenderly raised the unconscious form in his arms, and slowly walked away, carrying a burden which, together with the loss of blood from a ghastly wound in his head, made him stagger. He was feeling that he could not bear up much longer, when a private carriage drove towards him at speed. It stopped near him, the door was flung open, and two females sprang out, and came rushing towards him.

Everybody dissuaded Mrs. Ambrose Hilary and Miss Black from going near the awful spectacle, and did all that could be done to detain them. A great effort had been required to keep the former from actually joining in the attempt at rescue, and Stephen had been compelled to declare that he would abandon the scheme unless his mother would promise to give up her Amazonian design. He admitted that her strength and courage would make her a powerful auxiliary, but insisted that neither he, nor his brothers, nor, he believed, any of his relatives

could throw themselves into the combat with the proper spirit and freedom, if there were a woman in the ranks. Perhaps this ought not to be so, he conceded, but it most assuredly was so. That morning Miss Carrie's uncle had offered them the use of his carriage to go anywhere they chose. There was but one direction in which they could go. They arrived most opportunely. It was a ghastly spectacle that greeted them, and assured them of failure at least to liberate the captives. Stephen was pale as death and covered with blood, and Delancey was just returning to consciousness and much stained with the blood of his devoted bearer. Without a word the latter deposited his burden in the carriage, reeled, and would have fallen had not his mother come to his assistance. Naturally the two women attended each to her own. Skilled in the treatment of injuries, the mother soon succeeded in staunching her son's flow of blood, and then bound up his head very neatly and swiftly, the ladies having provided themselves with a good supply of the proper appliances for casualties. They had been provident enough to bring some bottles of water, and these greatly assisted in reviving the patients. Stephen soon declared himself



able to walk, and resolved unalterably to go back and search for his brothers. His mother, it need not be said, was herself determined to enter upon the same quest, though she tried hard to dissuade Stephen from exhausting his remaining strength. Rallying as the refreshing draught took effect, the latter gently pushed Miss Carrie back into the vehicle, and with a smile in which he resigned any shadow of a claim he might have upon her, and sadly congratulated himself that henceforth one matter of duty would be easier to him, bade her drive away with Charles, and send the carriage back if she would and could, slammed to the door, and turned away.

The field was a horrible scene of carnage. Mother and son soon saw that many familiar faces were blanched forever. A few of their fallen relatives had only been stunned, or had received slight wounds in addition. Most of them, however, and scores of others, were seriously or fatally wounded. One of the two uncles required immediate attention. After doing what they could on the spot, they lifted his helpless form between them, the powerful woman assuming the hardest of the work herself, and bore it gently towards the street.

Stephen's weakness made frequent rests necessary. During one of these, a figure approached which they recognized with exclamations of devout thankfulness. "Maurice," said his mother, "are you hurt, my child?"

"Not of any consequence, mother dear. I did not expect to see Stephen alive. It is awful. Father and Elijah were carried away, but we have tidings from them. Here is a man you will recognize."

At a sign from the youth, a person stepped forward whom Mr. Hilary had rescued from a degraded life and helped to make a man of himself, and who, ever since, had been a most devoted disciple of his and constant attendant at his church. He now related how he had been outside of the gates, and had run after the galloping horses towards what he shrewdly suspected would be a stopping place for the guard. Being exceedingly swift of foot, he had been in time to catch sight of the wagon as it whirled into the tavern yard. Darting into the enclosure, he had found the wagon deserted by every one but the chained prisoners, every soul of the escort having gathered around the bar to celebrate their escape. He sprang up by Mr. Hilary's side and was

about to attempt freeing him, when the rector bade him desist, and asked him, instead, to carry a message to his wife and children. "Charge them from me," said he, "to make no further attempt to rescue us. God will free us, if He pleases; leave all to Him: this is my most earnest and solemn request and command. Tell them that we have had great spiritual comfort in our captivity, are very happy, and fear nothing. Assure them of our love and prayers, and bid them not to cease from praying for us, for themselves, and for the Church." Mr. Hilary then enjoined him to begone before the thirsty men returned, and to make the best of his way to those for whom the message was meant. He had done so, met Mr. Maurice, repeated the message to him, and then they had started to find Stephen, dead or alive.

The three gazed into each other's loving and sorrowful eyes for a minute or more. Stephen spoke; "Mother, how glad we ought to be that through it all we have never needed to feel any anxiety lest Father should, from fear or pain, do anything to make us ashamed of him." With streaming eyes and hands raised to heaven, this Christian mother replied; "Thank God for a father such as Ambrose Hilary. May we all

have grace to live and die not unworthily of him and of his and our Lord !" " Amen," came from the boys. " Here we consecrate ourselves anew to the glorious cause which already has two such martyrs, in will, if not yet in deed, as Father and our noble Elijah."

What became of those same martyrs is as yet unknown. The prevailing rumor is that they were chloroformed to death, and their dead bodies flung ignominiously into the street, where their enemies, religious and irreligious, are even now holding a jubilee over them. Others assert that they are reserved still for the cruel death from which they have once narrowly escaped. The story is current in some quarters that several bombs dropped off the wagon in its headlong flight, after the stop at the tavern, and blew up the vehicle and all on it. A few, chiefly adherents of the new movement, aver that the two are abroad again ; that their chains mysteriously fell off during the delay at the hotel, and that the sight of them standing free when the party returned from the bar-room caused such consternation that, headed by the Man of Sin himself, the entire escort withdrew precipitately and left them at liberty to depart in peace. It seems very strange that the truth has not been

definitely ascertained amidst these conflicting rumors, but probably great pains have been taken to deceive the public, or else the illustrious captives have their reasons for not wishing to re-appear at once.

The clouds hang thick and heavy, but some rays pierce the gloom ; the distant mountains at least are radiant with sunshine. The movement towards a higher Christianity will not die ; Elijah has not spoken in vain, a Remnant at least will be ready to welcome the Lord of Elijah and of Ambrose Hilary when He comes, as come He surely will. "Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

THE END.



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